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From a sketch made at Scarlet Beach, New Guinea,
by our artist, W. E. Pidgeon



SHARPSHOOTER

By
Allan Vaughan Elston

As he passed the Buford farm, homeward bound, Dave saw Anabelle at her gate. She seemed to be waiting for someone.

At Dave's whistle she turned, her blue eyes staring, and for a moment she didn't know him in his uniform. Two years in the marines had matured Dave from a gangling boy into a weathered veteran.

"You look prettier'n a clingstone peach, Anabelle," Dave said, grinning.

"Why, it's Davey Tolliver. You're on leave, Davey?"

"Seven days," Dave said. "Ma and Pa don't know I'm coming. I'm going to surprise 'em. What about a date to-night, Anabelle?"

"To-night? I'm sorry, Dave. I already promised Clem Paxton. He's home on leave, too, you know, from down at Camp Joe Robinson."

Dave's face fell. He remembered Clem as having often been in his way before, with Anabelle. So Clem was in the Army now. As a man of the marines, Dave's opinion of all Army personnel was very low.

"What about to-morrow morning?" Dave suggested.

"Sorry, Dave," Anabelle said. "I promised to go riding with Clem in the morning."

Dave heard hoofbeats on the

gravel and presently a young man in an infantryman's uniform galloped up. It was clear that Anabelle had been waiting at her gate for him. "Hello, Beautiful. Hi, Leatherneck," he greeted, and dismounted cockily.

"Howdy, Clem," Dave said. He noted with chagrin that Clem wore Sharpshooter's qualification medal on his breast. Dave himself had only qualified as a Marksman.

Clem's eyes fixed narrowly on Dave's Marksman badge. He flicked it with his finger. "Wassa matter, Davey?" he jeered. "Didn't they teach you to shoot in the marines?"

A crack like that from an Army man was almost more than Dave could bear. He itched to flatten Clem. But that would offend Anabelle. So Dave choked back his resentment and said, "They're still working on me, Clem. See you later. So long, Anabelle."

Cutting through the woods Dave topped a ridge and dropped down into North Fork Valley. Then the home clearing came in sight—the rambling log house appeared and he broke into a run.

He charged through the open door

and saw Ma coming toward him. She was frail and grey and lovely, and he swept her up in his arms.

"You look sweet, Ma," Dave said. He kissed her and turned to Pa.

Pa, still rugged and erect after his lifelong battle with rocks and stumps, had himself been a marine in World War I. So everything about Dave now filled him with pride except the Marksman badge Dave wore. Pa, twenty-five years ago, had been an expert rifleman.

"How come, son?" Pa questioned later. "Us Tollivers don't usually let folks outshoot us."

Ma adroitly changed the subject. But all through supper Dave kept brooding about it. He wanted to tear the Marksman badge off and throw it away. Yet if he did the disgrace would be worse than ever. Folks would think he hadn't even qualified as a marksman. And here in these Ozark hills skill at rifle shooting had always ranked foremost among the arts.

Ma sensed Dave's depression and after supper she made him sit with her on the sofa. "You fretting about not doing so well with a rifle, Davey?"

"I let the outfit down, Ma," Dave blurted bitterly. He told her about the tradition in a certain D Company of the marines. D Company's tradition was that every man in their line must be at least a sharpshooter. And because Dave had spoiled that proud record the Top had even proposed to "transfer that Tolliver kid and replace him with someone who can shoot." Only because of a patient, sympathetic C.O. had Dave escaped transfer.

Ma gave a sigh of sympathy. "Maybe they didn't give you a good enough rifle, Davey."

"They gave me the best there is," Dave said. "Just the same," Ma persisted. "I wish they'd a-let you use your Pa's rifle. That's the one you learnt with."

His mother's idea took root in Dave's mind. Just for his own satisfaction he decided to test the issue with Pa's 30.06.

In the morning Dave was up early, and Ma served him breakfast. Then he rummaged in her scrap bag for a black rag. From this he cut a circle twenty inches in diameter. He also provided himself with chalk, string, and some tacks.

With Pa's rifle and a pocketful of cartridge clips, he moved briskly off through the woods.

Two miles brought him to a deserted homestead. One of the cleared forties was enclosed by rail fencing. Against the south fence stood a ramshackle tobacco shed.

Dave tacked his twenty-inch circle on the shed wall. By tying string to chalk he made a crude compass. With this he drew four concentric circles in widening radii about the black cloth bull's-eye.

Then he marched straight across the forty acres to the opposite fence. He removed a few rails so that the fence wouldn't obstruct his shooting. But since a forty-acre field is

"We heard shooting," Clem said to Dave and pulled up beside Anabelle.

only four hundred and forty yards wide, Dave paced sixty paces on beyond his breach in the fence.

Now he was five hundred yards from the bull's-eye. This was the range he had failed at. Easily he had qualified at the shorter ranges, so it would only take a forty score at five hundred yards to make him a sharpshooter. Ten shots—five at slow and five at rapid fire.

Dave slipped a five-cartridge clip into the magazine. He pumped a shell into the chamber and set the sight. Then he took a prone position on the ground.

He aimed, notching the distant black circle squarely in the sight. He squeezed the trigger. A bullet flew off to score 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, or zero.

In all Dave fired five times at slow fire. Now for the rapid fire. Dave slipped in another clip, then looked at the second hand of his wrist-watch. Sixty seconds were allowed for the five rapid-fire shots. Still prone, Dave began shooting. The rifle cracked five times as fast as he could work the breech bolt.

Getting up, Dave went across the field to see the result. It wouldn't be official, of course, but if he had scored a forty he could at least feel like a marine.

To his dismay he found only one bull's-eye bullet hole, which gave him five points, and six holes in the "4" zone, giving him twenty-four points more. The other three shots had punctured the "3" zone, adding nine points more. It made a total score of 33. Failure to score a sharpshooting 40 depressed Dave. Thirty-eight wasn't any better than he'd done already.

But there were still other clips in his pocket, and he must try again. So Dave chalked a tiny ring round each of his ten bullet holes, so that they wouldn't be confused with ones made on the next try.

Then he heard galloping hooves. He turned to see Clem Paxton riding beside Anabelle. "We heard a lot o' shootin'," Clem explained as they reined up, "so we loped over to see what's goin' on."

"Good morning, Dave," Anabelle said, smiling.

Clem saw an improvised target on the shed wall. "So you're still tryin' to learn how to shoot, are you, Leatherneck? Let's see what kind of a score you made. Humph! Only one bull's-eye! Six fours and three threes make 38. Punk! I'd say."

His cockiness inflamed Dave into retorting, "I suppose you can beat it!"

"Like shooting fish," Clem jeered. "And I can do it right now, if you want to put some chips down." He brought out five ten-dollar notes. "Fifty bucks says I can top your score, Leatherneck."

Anabelle, whose upbringing had

been strict, protested, "It'd be sinful to bet that much money, Clem."

Clem laughed. "Don't worry. He knows I'm a sharpshooter and him only a marksman. He knows a sharpshooter has to shoot a forty score, so he'll be scared to put up anything but talk."

Dave couldn't let him get away with it. He brought out two dollars seventy-five cents, which was his entire cash estate. He tossed it on the ground by the target. Then he handed the rifle to Clem, together with two five-cartridge clips. "I'll show you where the shooting line is," he said.

Please turn to page 4



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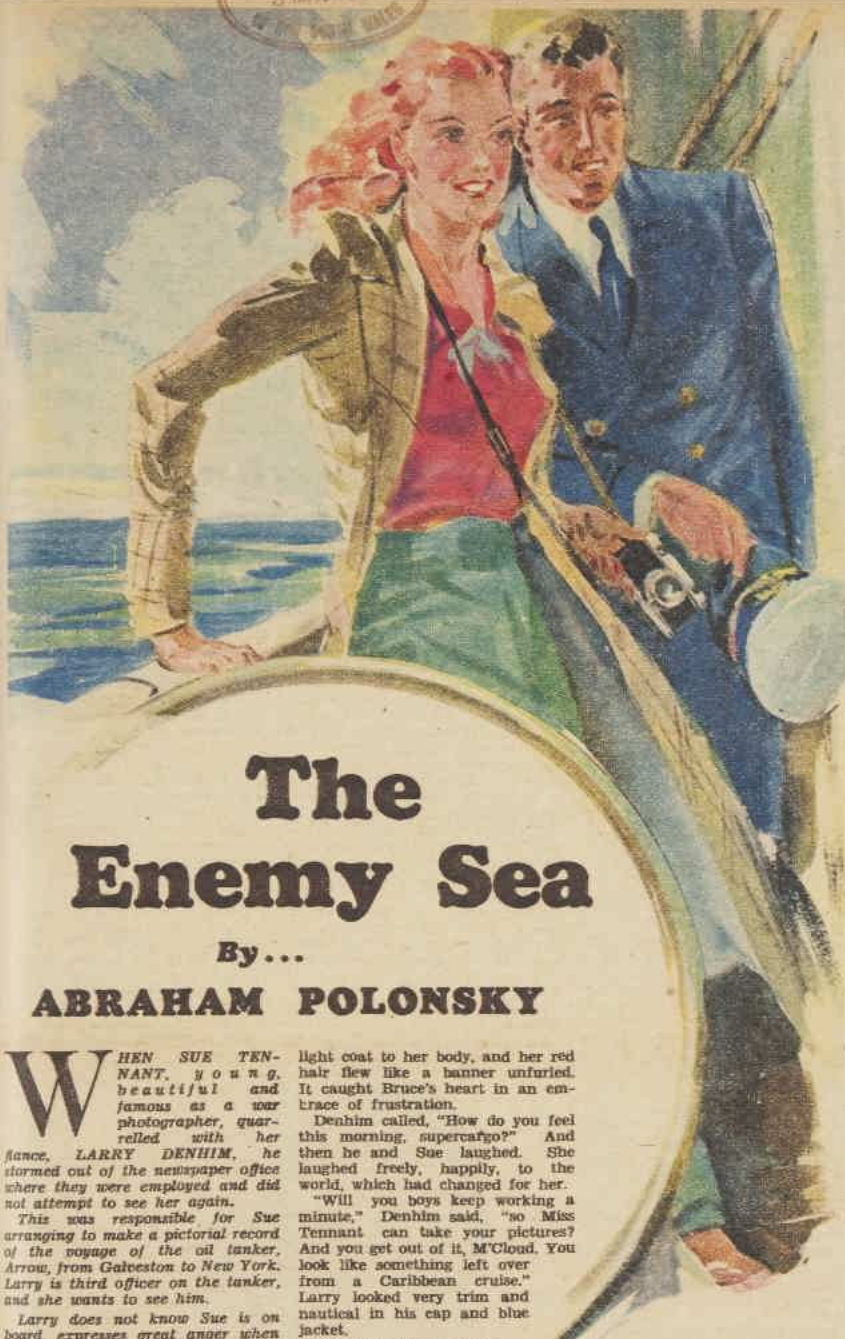
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The Enemy Sea

By...

ABRAHAM POLONSKY

WHEN SUE TENNANT, young, beautiful and famous as a war photographer, quarrelled with her fiancé, LARRY DENHIM, he stormed out of the newspaper office where they were employed and did not attempt to see her again.

This was responsible for Sue arranging to make a pictorial record of the voyage of the oil tanker, Arrow, from Galveston to New York. Larry is third officer on the tanker, and she wants to see him.

Larry does not know Sue is on board, expresses great anger when they meet, and attempts to stop her from travelling. Yet a short time later BRUCE MCLOUD, war correspondent, who is writing the description of the trip, and also in love with Sue, sees her in his arms. Bruce goes below for coffee with STARK, CAPTAIN REBOW'S negro steward, and while in the cabin hears a wireless report of an S O S picked up from the tanker Ladybird, and the Coast Guards' announcement that no such ship is registered. Bruce is puzzled. The S O S from the Ladybird had been reported when Bruce was in Captain Rebow's cabin, and the captain had mentioned saying good-bye to CAPTAIN CARLSON on the bridge of the Ladybird two days before, at Galveston.

Now read on:

BRUCE woke to his first morning at sea. Looking out of the open porthole, he saw the mild waves spinning with sunlight.

When he went on deck the sea was empty everywhere, up to the very edge of the round horizon. But he had read somewhere that U-boats ran beneath the surface by day. He looked over the side into the furrow of boiling water. A submarine might be lying beneath at this very moment and no one could know it. Turning back, he saw two sailors painting the side of the superstructure. They were clad in dungarees, and they painted methodically.

Suddenly Sue's voice called, "Good morning. Come and join us."

She was leaning against the rail, camera in hand. Beside her was Denhim. The wind moulded her

light coat to her body, and her red hair flew like a banner unfurled. It caught Bruce's heart in an embrace of frustration.

Denhim called, "How do you feel this morning, supercargo?" And then he and Sue laughed. She laughed freely, happily, to the world, which had changed for her.

"Will you boys keep working a minute," Denhim said, "so Miss Tennant can take your pictures? And you get out of it, M'Cloud. You look like something left over from a Caribbean cruise." Larry looked very trim and nautical in his cap and blue jacket.

The two sailors painted, and Sue took their picture. "When do I eat?" Bruce asked, coming to her side.

Sue said, "You're supposed to get up in time for breakfast. This isn't a cruise."

"Stark'll fix you something," Denhim was amused. He kept looking at Sue, and after a mute exchange she held her hand out, palm down. Bruce looked at it, and saw the engagement ring she had thrown back at Denhim three months before.

"Quick work," Bruce said. "Let me be the first to congratulate you."

"You're too late," Denhim took Sue's hand. "We plighted our troth last night over a whisky in Captain Rebow's cabin."

"Let me at least congratulate you," But Bruce felt the blood staining his cheeks, he felt the flush of it, a curious shame and envy, a curious anger which his body be-

Where and what was the "Ladybird"? This mystery overshadowed Sue's romantic reunion with Larry.

wind lapped them in essay gusts and the sun shone while they waited. It was Sue who broke it up. She had shaken the scene from her mind, and it was as a colleague that she spoke: "Have your breakfast, Bruce, and then we'll take a tour with Captain Rebow. He inspects the oil at eleven every day. It's part of the routine and we ought to describe it."

"Okay," Bruce said. "I'll be seeing you." He went down again to the main deck and into the cook's galley.

After breakfast Bruce climbed into the wind and walked round the curved rear of the officers' cabins. The door to Denhim's cabin opened to his touch, and he closed it quietly behind him.

Like all the cabins on the ship, the room was furnished sparsely, but, unlike the others, it had a two-shelfed bookcase. Bruce knelt down in front of it. He found under a book on navigation what he was looking for. He pulled the volume out and was about to open it when the door opened and Sue appeared.

"I wanted to speak to you," she said.

He flipped the pages. "About what?"

"Don't be absurd," she said. "I wanted to speak to you about Larry." "All right," he said. "Go ahead." "You're acting like a child."

"I'm trying not to," he said. "You came aboard to catch Larry. You've caught him. I'm happy for both of you, and I'm sorry for myself." He began to get angry. "But if you think I'm going to be gallant and mean what I say when I congratulate you, then you're crazy."

She announced flatly, "I happen to be in love with him."

He was silent. He read through the names before him, but they all began with the wrong letter. He turned a handful of pages.

Her dry voice, breathless almost, insisted, "You're not being fair. You have no right to be hurt because Larry and I are in love with each other. We had a silly misunderstanding. It's gone now and forgotten."

He said, "I don't want to be hurt. Perhaps I am, but I don't want to be."

"I like you, Bruce," she said. She seemed full of hesitancy, puzzled by her own emotions. It angered him. "All right," he said. "You can be my sister."

A clod of silence intervened. He held the book up. "Do you know what this is?"

"I can read a title... Bruce, if you only would—"

"Just a minute," he said. "Read down this list."

"I'm not interested in the names of boats."

"Then you ought to be. You see, this book and the supplement have the names of every registered ship afloat. This is a ship registry. There is no Ladybird."

Irritably she asked, "What of it?"

He said patiently, "Last night, before we sailed, Arnold, the wireless operator, came in and said that he had picked up an S O S from the Ladybird. And Rebow said he

had shaken hands with her captain two days before in Galveston. But there is no Ladybird."

She knelt down beside him and looked at the page. She turned her face towards his, her eyes narrowed. "Couldn't there be a mistake?"

"Hardly," Bruce said.

She thought a moment. Then she smiled. "I bet Rebow cooked up Arnold's entrance to frighten us off the ship."

He said, "Phooey. It wasn't a lie."

"Why not?" she asked.

He said, "Because last night..."

The door opened. "Excuse me," Captain Rebow said. He stood there, bulging with muscle, his face alive with a pleasant smile. "But the tour starts now, Miss Tennant, if you want to get those pictures..."

They made a curious procession among the pipes and covers. First, there were two sailors armed with wrenches; then, the compact figure of Rebow; behind him, Denhim and Sue; and bringing up the rear, Bruce.

The sun seemed to blow against them from the bow, and the tanker dipped gently, persistently, like a rocker on a New England porch.

LEANING against a bulkhead, Bruce studied the captain. Nothing the captain did had any overtones. He smiled; he spoke briefly to the sailors; he made a joke with Sue. There was nothing sinister, covert, or queer about him. But then, to the innocent eye, there had been nothing queer or dangerous in the pre-war peace. Bruce felt the urgency of understanding the fake S O S as soon as possible. But he needed help.

It looked as if Sue wasn't going to be much help. She was buzzing about like a redheaded bird, her coat flying behind her.

Something ought to be done, and if there was anything wrong, something had to be done. But a ship at sea is a thing alone, and the radio was in the hands of Captain Rebow. And Arnold.

A cloud of oil fumes made Bruce choke, and Denhim called out, "Come windward, M'Cloud."

Bruce walked up to the group and heard Rebow explain, "We do this every day, You know"—this seemed to give him great amusement—"some old tanker hands can get drunk on these fumes. People are funny."

Please turn to page 4



"Good morning! Come up and join us," Sue called gaily to Bruce.

DENHIM drifted back to where Bruce stood. The fair face pinked a bit, and then Denhim said, "I'd like you to be best man."

"Best man?" Abashed, Denhim said, "I was thinking that Rebow could marry Sue and myself, and well . . . I know."

He paused. "After all, Bruce, she's been pretty close to both of us, and she can only marry one man," Bruce said stiffly. "What's the hurry?"

"Well—There was something engaging in Denhim's youthful embarrassment. "Well, we've fooled round so long, and this is war, and oh, heck, we're in love."

"Are you sure Sue knows what she's doing?"

"You mean," Denhim said quietly, "that you think she really loves you?"

"I wouldn't just ignore the possibility."

"What's the use of fighting the inevitable," Denhim asked. "Sue didn't even marry you on the rebound."

"Maybe you're the real rebound, not me. Why don't you give her a chance to see you with all this glamor rubbed off?"

"You know, we've both decided you're quite a hero, working modestly on a tanker as officer of the gun crew—no glory, no medals, nothing."

An ambiguous smile shaded Larry's face. "I'm more than a gun-officer. And to Bruce's unspoken question he hinted. "There are some of us in the Navy who have double jobs."

"Intelligence?" Denhim let the question fall into the sea. "Listen, Bruce; there's such a thing as knowing how to quit when you're licked."

"It's all right with me. But . . ." said Bruce, hesitating—

"But what?" Denhim said. "I've got to talk to you and Sue, in private. It's very important. Meet me in my cabin, and bring Sue."

Denhim said, "Okay."

Continuing The Enemy Sea from page 3

Turning, Bruce went back along the deck to his own cabin. He closed the door and sat down for a smoke. Denhim was, after all, a naval officer, and he could take charge of things. The problem was to decide what should be done.

What Bruce couldn't figure out was the reason for the false S.O.S. That was the puzzling thing—unless, and the thought leaped to his mind, unless it was a signal of some kind.

Steps sounded in the passageway, and the door opened for Denhim and Sue. The first thing she said was: "Larry doesn't agree with you, either." She made a sweep round the room and announced: "The whole thing's preposterous!"

But Denhim was more serious. "Let Bruce talk, Sue," he said. "Let's discuss this rationally."

But Sue didn't want to be rational. She flickered with impatience, and the cause was obvious. "I think Captain Rebow is a great person," she said. "He couldn't be what he is and a Nazi fifth columnist on the side."

"Do you think so, Denhim?" Bruce asked.

"It's hard to believe, but . . ." He paused. "Will you sit down, Sue? If there are facts, let's hear them." She cried, "Facts! What facts? The captain didn't want us on the ship. He had Arnold come in with that story of an S.O.S. Of course, he named a non-existent boat. Even Larry never heard of a Captain Carlson."

"Is that right?" Bruce asked. Larry shook his head. "I think I know every tanker captain shipping from Galveston. There is no Captain Carlson."

"You see," she said triumphantly. "It was a bogymen's story for our benefit."

"I could ask Rebow about it," Denhim said. "He'd tell me if it was just a cock-and-bull story to frighten you both off the ship."

"I've got some other facts for your disbelief," Bruce said. "On the

night we sailed I happened to listen to a news broadcast. And it was announced that the Coast Guard had also picked up the S.O.S."

Quietly, Denhim said, "It's possible there's a mistake in the listings, but not probable."

"There is no mistake," Bruce made his voice as definite as possible. "The Coast Guard announced there was no such ship."

Slowly Sue sat down. She asked: "What does it mean?"

Eight bells sounded off faintly. "Lunch," Denhim said. "We've got to find out, and we've got to find out quickly, who else is in this, if anyone else is."

Bruce asked: "What do you think it means, Denhim?"

The answer was prompt: "It's

obviously a signal. The point is, what for?"

But it was Sue who put the real question: "What do we do now?"

They sat in silence, wondering. Luncheon was gay, with the chief engineer bouncing to his feet at every opportunity to offer a toast to the happy young pair.

It was a noisy, ridiculous meal, especially to Bruce. He kept staring at one face after another, trying to decide by mysterious signs which of the officers was in on the captain's secret.

So the luncheon went on, and one by one the others made their apologies and left for duty, until only Rebow was left with Denhim, Sue, and Bruce. The captain said, "I'll never forget this moment."

NEITHER will I," Sue announced; "especially if the same thing happens to our ship that happened to the Ladybird."

A queer, a curiously oblique glance opened in Rebow's eyes. He said in a low voice, "I would give everything I own to have you and Mr. McCloud back in Galveston."

It sounded so honest that Bruce caught himself for a moment thinking that there must be some mistake about the Ladybird, but Rebow leaned over toward Sue and exploded the doubt. He said, "You mustn't think of such things on your wedding day. After all, this is war, and Carlson . . . well . . . One time or another." His mood had changed, and with a melancholy sigh he arose.

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Sharpshooter

Continued from page 2

bullet holes. Then he noticed that one of Clem's three bull's-eye holes was slightly larger than the other two. A suspicion made Dave tear off the twenty-inch circle of black cloth, so that he could see the way the wood was splintered underneath.

The suspicion was right. Two of Clem's bull's-eye bullets had reamed through the same hole. Clem had scored no "2" shot, but he had scored four "5" shots instead of three. It made Clem's score add up to 40. Clem had really won the match, 40 to 38. By right, the five dollars fifty cents in Dave's pocket was Clem's.

Although the Buford place was a mile out of his homeward way, Dave walked promptly there. He found Clem seated by Anabelle on a porch bench.

"We figured the score wrong," Clem said, dropping the money on Clem's lap. "That was a spike hole in the '2' zone. You shot four bull's-eyes for a score of forty."

Clem blinked. "What's the gag?" he demanded.

"Ain't any gag. You just out-shot me 40 to 38. Well, I got to be going. So long, Anabelle."

Dave turned and walked quickly out through the gate. A brisk tramp brought him home, and Ma met him at the door. There was a glow in her eyes as she put her hands on his shoulders. "I'm right proud of you, Dave," she said.

"What for, Ma?"

"For running after Clem to tell him about that score."

"How did you know, Ma?"

"Anabelle just rang me on the phone. She's all thrilled. She said it was the prettiest bull's-eye she ever saw."

"The one Clem made?"

"No, the one you made, Davey boy. Anabelle wants you to go over there for supper to-night."

Dave was confused. "But what about Clem, Ma?"

"Looks like Clem didn't qualify," Ma said. "It's mighty nice to be a sharpshooter, like Clem is. But if a girl has to pick between a sharpshooter and a straight-shooter, she'll pick the straight-shooter every time."

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They hurried across field to the shed. There Clem looked at the result of his shooting and his grin faded.

Three unringed bullet holes in the black circle made fifteen points. Two in the "four" zone added eight more. Four holes in the "three" zone and one in the "two" zone made a total of 37 points.

"So I outshot you 38 to 37," Dave exclaimed. He picked up the five dollars fifty cents and put it in his pocket.

Clem grimaced. "It was this old-fashioned squirrel rifle of yours," he alibied, tossing it back to Dave. "With a real up-to-date Army gun I can shoot a 40 standing on my head."

Anabelle smiled impartially. "I think both of you did just fine," she said. "Well, we'd better be moving along home, Clem."

Clem followed as she loped away toward the Buford farm.

Dave felt immensely better. It was at least something to show up that doughboy. Still, Dave's own score was disappointing. Maybe if he tried again he could shoot a forty.

So he turned to the target and began making small chalk rings round Clem's bullet holes. After chalking out Clem's three bull's-eye holes, he did the same with the "four" shots and the "three" shots.

He was about to chalk a ring round Clem's single "two" shot, when, at this close inspection, he saw that it wasn't a bullet hole. It was an old spike hole. But that only made nine shots for Clem!

It didn't seem likely that Clem's tenth shot had gone wild, missing the shed entirely. So Dave carefully re-examined all of Clem's

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THE MAGIC OF AH LU

By Australian Author
F. RICHARD SALMON

AH LU was held in high esteem as a washer of underclothes and a doer-up of shirts; and with good reason. He broke neither faith with his clients nor the buttons off their underpants, and he imparted to their silk shirts the kind of lovely sheen that the morning sun bestows upon the seagull's breast.

That showy Arty McQueen was one of his clients said all there was to be said of Ah Lu's prowess because, as far as personal appearance was concerned, no one was more fastidious than Arty.

He was a Beau Brummell in his way, and the undisputed leader of fashion in his own particular circle. He was something of a mystery, too. No one had ever seen him work, but he always had plenty of money to flash round. He was a frequenter of certain places that the police kept their eyes on.

One Saturday lunch-time Arty, as his habit was, called in to Ah Lu's laundry to collect his week-end washing, and in exchange for the neatly wrapped newspaper parcel, he airily flicked a brand-new ten-pound note on the counter. Ah Lu left it there, regarding it for a moment; then, slowly raising his almond eyes, he smiled. A singular smile was Ah Lu's, rich in impish humor, and yet deeply benign. When Ah Lu smiled at you, you felt that you had received a benediction.

"No can change," said Ah Lu. Arty puffed cigarette smoke playfully into the Chinaman's face, and his mouth slanted in a humorless, tight-lipped grin, in which there was something of menace.

"Don't give me that, John. You've got plenty."

Ah Lu's smile became vague, as of one who is anxious to be polite but fails to comprehend.

"No can change," he repeated gently. "Okay, then," Arty said. "I'll pay next time," and he reached for the note. But Ah Lu gently spirited it from under his fingers.

"Maybe have change," smiled Ah Lu, and he shuffled into a room behind the shop.

Arty lolled against the counter watching him from the sides of his eyes, and, as Ah Lu disappeared, with a sudden cat-like movement he was behind the counter. He went silently to the doorway through which the other had passed, and peered furtively through the half-open door.

"Taking no risks," Arty muttered as he watched Ah Lu hold the note up to the window and scrutinise it carefully. He took some time about this. Then, apparently satisfied, he took a key from his pocket and shuffled over to a small safe which stood in a corner of the room. Arty, vastly intrigued, shifted his position and craned his neck, and the crooked grin was abruptly wiped from his face and his eyes widened into an amazed stare.

When Ah Lu returned, he found Arty McQueen lolled against the counter as he had left him, smoking a cigarette while gazing idly into the street. He started slightly as Ah Lu approached, as if roused from a reverie. He grinned.

"Ah! So you had change, after all, you cunning old devil."

Ah Lu smiled blandly.

"Had change, after all," he agreed. Arty flicked his cigarette into the street, and pocketed his change. He walked out looking very thoughtful.

Ah Lu was content with the mere bread of life, and if he had a scrape of butter on it now and again he counted himself self-indulgent. He also counted himself wealthy. Having no faith in banks, he kept his money at home, where it could be properly looked after. He kept it in a small safe in the little room behind the shop, where he ate and slept. He dreamed there, too—nostalgic dreams of misty rising from the flooded padi fields, and of bamboo groves leaning delicately over the wayside, their pointed leaves a-tremble in the breeze.

The steel box in his safe was almost full now, and the goal he had set himself thirty years ago was in sight. It had seemed an impossible task in the beginning, but he had gone about it with a high resolve and with the faith that makes all things possible. In a year or two now he would be able to return to his beloved China and spend his declining years with his people in the way he had planned.

Seeing him eternally at his work, you would never dream of the sublime happiness that possessed the soul of Ah Lu. Outwardly he was just a wizened little mummy of a Chinaman, a slave to the wash-tub and the ironing-board, accepting his fate with the unreasoning submission of an ass at the windlass.

Ah Lu worked from early morning until bedtime, leaving his laundry only on Wednesday evenings, when, after closing his shop, he went to the Chinese quarter on some

mysterious mission, returning shortly after midnight. And this Arty McQueen well knew, because he had studied Ah Lu's movements very closely since a certain Saturday lunch-time.

Arty would have been vastly amused had he known that Ah Lu's little hoard was the sole result of thirty years of toil and sweat and self-denial, and that Ah Lu proposed to live on it for the rest of his life. But even to a man of Arty's expensive tastes it was a nice little sum, and worth the trouble of extracting it from Ah Lu's pathetic little safe.

So one dismal Wednesday evening, shortly before Ah Lu's closing time, Arty, his face buried deep in the collar of his greatcoat, melted into the darkness of a shop doorway and, stared across the road at Ah Lu's laundry.

Soon afterwards, Ah Lu emerged, having carefully locked the shop door, he went padding off into the drizzling rain. Arty detached himself from the shadows and, lighting a cigarette, sauntered after him. He grinned to himself as he watched the huddled little figure half sliding, half trotting down the mean, ill-lit street. It diverted him to imagine Ah Lu's astonishment when he returned to find that his savings had vanished into thin air.

Presently Ah Lu turned into the main highway, and Arty, having watched him board an east-bound tram, went back the way he had come. He paused to light another cigarette, and continued his leisurely stroll. The buildings protected him from the rain. He was in no hurry. The night was his own.

HE turned off presently into a dark right-of-way, flanked by sagging picket fences, and, picking his way fastidiously through the mud and rubbish, he paused at a tumble-down gate which, as he knew, opened into Ah Lu's backyard. Glancing quickly to right and left, he ducked through a gap in the fence, and a few minutes later he was in Ah Lu's house.

He sighed gently in the darkness and after a brief pause he switched on his torch. It gave only the merest glow, but sufficient for his purpose, and by its faint light he made his way along a narrow passage, setting the whole building creaking with every step. He swore under his breath, testily, as if it were a reflection on his craftsmanship. He extinguished the torch as he reached the shop, in case the light should be seen from the street, and, moving with swift caution, he passed through the shop and gained Ah Lu's living-room. He went in and closed the door.

He had a cat-like faculty for moving in the dark, and he went unerringly to the window, and, having adjusted the rag of a curtain to his satisfaction, he switched on his torch. His movements were sure, deft, silent. He was a perfect craftsman. He carried a chair across the room and placed the torch on it so that its faint light illuminated the safe; then dropping to his knees, he produced a bunch of odd-looking keys and set to work. He was instantly absorbed in his task.

Then suddenly he stiffened and his fingers were abruptly still. He knelt there frozen, his head half turned, listening. A sound, so slight as to be almost inaudible, had touched upon his sensitive hearing. Silently he felt for the torch and extinguished it, and for a full minute he remained motionless, the utter silence ringing in his ears. Then he went on working.

But his fingers had lost something of their smooth deftness. They fumbled ever so little and now and then he paused, frowning, to glance over his shoulder and listen. The sound was not repeated, and presently, his confidence returning, he re-lit his torch. And as he did so, something like two groping hands felt their way over his back and one rested lightly on his shoulder. For a fraction of a moment he knelt petrified; then with a shuddering cry he sprang wildly to his feet, overturning the chair with a crash.

He stood with his back to the safe, staring fearfully into the darkness. The silence, except for the pounding of his heart, was absolute. He held his breath to listen, and suddenly he heard a faint sound from somewhere behind him. Swinging round, he stepped back quickly and fell sprawling across the overturned chair. He struggled to his feet, dazed and shaking, and, glaring wild-eyed about him, he braced himself for an attack. But none came. The silence rang in his ears. He crouched there, tense and rigid, in an agony of expectancy. He thought he could hear someone breathing in the room, but he could not be sure. He waited, sweating.

Suddenly his darting eyes rested on the glow of the torch, which had fallen when he



"Taking no risks," Arty muttered as he saw Ah Lu hold the note to the light.

overturned the chair, and clawing it up he sent its faint light questing round the room. He searched every inch of it, under the table, under Ah Lu's bed, but except for himself the room was empty.

He went cold with superstitious fear, and a nightmare paralysis took possession of him. He felt helpless and alone, at the mercy of something he did not understand. The place had taken on a new and terrifying aspect; it was no longer a commonplace Chinese laundry, but a place of horror and devilish mystery. Even the smell of the place had undergone a subtle change. For the first time he recognised in the familiar stuffy reek, which he always associated with Ah Lu's laundry, the mysterious and sinister breath of the Orient. It seemed to increase and fill the room like an evil, pungent presence.

With some vague notion of protecting his back from heaven knew what devilry, he backed to the wall and crouched there, staring fearfully into the darkness. He had no idea how long he stood there; he seemed to be lost in the timeless blackness of eternity.

SUDDENLY his blood froze, and as he shrank back against the wall he felt the hair pricking as it bristled on his neck. For coming slowly toward him from different directions were several small glows of vague greenish light. They came on slowly, silently, implacably, as if drawn toward him by some magnetic power. For a moment he stood immovable with horror, then with a supreme effort he flung himself sideways and threw the torch with all his strength at the foremost patch of light. He seized a chair, and with a hoarse cry he swung it round his head and brought it crashing down on the floor. His breath coming in sobbing, cursing gasps, he blundered about the room, and, groping with frenzied hands, he clawed up everything within his grasp and hurled it blindly right and left.

His madness left him suddenly and he stood limp and panting, and he saw with inexpressible relief that the little green glows of light were gone. There was only one thought in his mind now, and that was to escape. He felt his way along the wall to where he thought the door lay; then he halted abruptly,

The green lights, glowing vaguely and appearing suddenly from nowhere, came slowly toward him. He backed away, and, turning quickly, he saw that they were behind him, too; and they were to his right and to his left, surrounding him, closing in. In a panic he ran wildly and dashed himself violently against a wall. Rising, half-stunned, his outstretched hand touched the electric light switch, and he gave a sob of relief. That he might betray his presence to someone outside did not occur to him now. His one urgent need was light. Nothing mattered so long as he had light. He was terrified of the dark.

He jerked down the switch, but the room remained in darkness. He was shocked, incredulous. He jerked the switch up and down, and he looked round and jerked the switch in a frenzy. And the little green lights, glowing malignantly, crept closer toward him.

Ah Lu returned home soon after midnight. He let himself in and turned down the main electric light switch behind the shop door, then he went to his living-room and switched on the light.

He stood for a moment in the doorway gazing quietly at the shambles; and then, just as if he expected to find him there, he turned his serene gaze upon the gibbering, whimpering wreck of Arty McQueen crouched on top of the cupboard. Ah Lu's face was very grave, but there was something that might almost have been a smile at the back of his kindly eyes.

After the police had taken Arty away, Ah Lu took a key from his pocket, and shuffling over to the safe in his queer sidling way he knelt, and he smiled gently to himself as his pet rats clustered round him and ran up his back and to his shoulders as he had trained them to do. He unlocked the safe and, taking from it a plate of chopped meat, he fed his pets, caressing them lightly as they ate from his fingers. One of them bit his hand and drew blood; but he only smiled, because he, too, knew what it was to be ravenously hungry. Very gently he wiped the phosphorous puffs from their bodies, afterwards returning them to the cage from which they were released on Wednesday evenings to await the fulsome meal that he always gave them when he returned.

Ah Lu then went to the fireplace and took from a ledge inside the chimney a steel box. And his smile, as he glanced at his life savings before returning them to the safe, was like the sun he saw in his dreams as it rose beaming over the padi fields.

(Copyright)

Stitching
khaki uniforms
or
serving in the Canteen . . .



She's lovely with Pond's Lips and Pond's Powder

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P.S.—You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but war-time difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.



Pond's Powder bestows upon your skin the misty-soft dreamgirl quality that men love. Its velvet finish seems to be your very own. And it clings tenderly for hours . . . Team the flattery of Pond's Powder with the glowing colour of Pond's Lips—stays on longer.

Pond's Powder

WINGS FOR TO-MORROW

By

**HOFFMAN
BIRNEY**

MY Dear Children: I am writing this for you, because only the very young and the very old can enjoy a love story. I am young now and my love and its story are as fresh as the memory of the touch of Mike's lips on mine, just an hour ago.

Mike—Mike Craig—is your father. He hasn't qualified yet, of course, but in 1950 or thereabouts you'll be calling him that, and you will ask him to show you his medals and the wings he wore so proudly.

Tell us about Hitler, you will say. "Did you ever really see him?" And there will come a day when you, girl-children will ask me, "Mummy, were you ever in love? Tell me."

And I will tell you. I will tell you now, now in this year of 1944, when Hitler and Tojo are not names in history books but real and very terrible enemies. 1944—the year when the world seemed to totter, when men and women feared death which struck from the skies; a year when love came swiftly and unmistakably. Your father was fighting our enemies.

The day that I first met him he was in uniform, slim and proud and just a little tense from the memories of the experiences which lay behind and the anticipation of those things which were still to be faced. Underneath the wings on his breast were the bright ribbons of the Distinguished Flying Cross.

It all began when he wrote me a letter. Not a love letter, for it was addressed to Kevin Royce, Gray Fox Lane, Woodfield, to tell him that his name was on the flyleaf of a copy of Vancouver's "Voyage of Discovery" to the North Pacific Ocean which reached one of our faraway stations, with a shipment of books for the men there. Books such as Vancouver's "Voyage," the letter said, weren't at all usual among those contributed to the armed forces, so he wrote to let the donor know that he had reached one who welcomed it as an old friend. And the letter was signed "Marshall H. Craig."

Of course I answered it. Not to have done so wouldn't have been fair. I had to tell him that Kevin Royce was not a man, but a girl whose parents had given her a family name, that Vancouver had joined the Books for the Forces drive as a result of my mother's enthusiasm, and that I was awfully glad to learn that he had reached a safe port and one where he was appreciated. And I wished him—Marshall Craig, not Vancouver—the best of luck.

He replied. I had hoped he would. And he told me that we were all but next-door neighbors when he was home, because he'd been born in Woodhill and his people still lived there—his father was a doctor.

Your wishes for good luck have had results already," he wrote. "I've just been moved up a rung—and I've got a new plane, which I've named Vancouver."

"Good-night, Kevin Royce. It's nice knowing you."

Of course, I wasn't in love with him—then—but you don't have to be in love with a man to like hearing him say things like that. He had the very rare gift of making a letter sound as though its writer were sitting right there talking to you. When I answered that letter I sent him a clipping from our paper, describing how a "local flier" had received the D.F.C.

Across the bottom of that clip-



ping I wrote: "Oh, it's good work you and your mates are doing, Marshall Craig. Keep it up. Keep it up. Keep it up."

Here's what that brought—and it wasn't what I'd expected:

"Dear Kevin: I'm going to pass this letter, since officers censor their own mail, but it's subject to further inspection along the line, so if it comes bouncing back to me, I'll know someone thought I talked too much."

"Can I unload on you? I hope I can, because emotions aren't in order up here—we just don't go in for them, you know. During the last war, our colonel told me, the boys went on a big binge to cover up the way they felt over a bit of bad luck, but we don't do that now. Not that we're any nobler or any sorer than our fathers were, but flying is an infinitely more complex business now, and there just isn't room in a plane for either a souse or a hangover."

"I'm feeling low, Kevin, my dear, decidedly low. Perhaps here is where the censor hops on my neck, but I'm going to tell you about it. Tough luck in action is to be expected, but one of our planes came out from a pretty dusty spot O.K., except that one lucky burst had played hob with many of the instruments. They could send by radio, but their receiver was out cold, so they notified the squadron leader of the jam they were in, and he tried to lead them to the base. Although they flew just about

ending, "One of our bombers failed to return to its base."

"One failed to return." That hit me like a bullet. You can call it presence or hyper-emotionalism or anything you want to, but I knew it was Mike's ship. I knew it. I knew it even while I paced up and down the room saying, over and over: "It's not you, Mike; it's not you. It's some other man who writes friendly letters to some other girl, but it's not you, it's not you, it's not you."

But it was. Just a few days later there was a paragraph in the paper saying that his parents had been officially notified that he was missing in action. I was alone in the house when I read that. I was glad I was alone, because I screamed. I'm not the screaming, fainting kind of female, but I shrieked as loudly

back to childhood days, at least. You see, I couldn't tell them their only daughter had brazenly permitted herself to be picked up—and in a book, of all places—and that she didn't regret the up-picking even a little bit.

And I could tell him that our respective fathers had lunched together at the club, and that a few days later his parents had driven over and had dinner with us. A certain pilot had been the chief subject of conversation. I'd learned his nickname, Mike, and his favorite brand of cigarettes, and that he'd never outgrown a boyhood love for chocolate peppermints—the fat, gooey kind.

"The censor passed your letter," I wrote. "There's nothing I can say, is there, Mike, but my shoulder doesn't mind. That's what girls' shoulders are for. Remember that."

That brought me the briefest of scribbled notes:

"Dear K.: Got your letter just three minutes ago. Could only glance at it, but will have time to read it before I get where I'm going. Right now I'm dashing out to see a man about a dog—a yellow dog named Tojo. You're a grand chum—and you remember that!"

"Mike."

It was fine being called a grand chum. I think that I began to love him right then, but what stared me in the face was the date at the head of his letter and a communique which I'd seen in the paper just a few minutes before the postman came—a report of a bombing raid from his base.

"Mike."

"Mike."

"Mike."

"And you're Kevin!" Marsh said, still holding her hands.

as I possibly could: "No, Mike, no. I still won't believe it." And then I packed an overnight case and left a note for mother and went over to the Craigs' home.

They were glad I came, and I really was able to help in lots of little ways, like answering the phone and brushing off solicitous people who wanted to sit around and weep in Mrs. Craig's lap, and in arranging Dr. Craig's appointments.

I was still there when, nearly a week later, this was telephoned:

"O.K. after forced landing on isolated island. Notify Kevin Royce, 'Marsh'."

Even as I was running to his mother's room with that wonderful news I was telling myself, selfishly and proudly, "He thought of me." Just a few days later an air mail letter arrived which told me all about it.

"Kevin, my dear: I know mother has telephoned to tell you that the crew of the good ship Vancouver is O.K. The 'failed to return' report was quite correct as, of, and for the date issued, but we fooled 'em."

"Mike."

"Mike."

"Mike."

"Mike."

"Mike."

"Mike."

"I can't go deeply into details. I know that mother worried, and my male vanity tells me that you did, too, but worrying is the lot of women when their men ride forth to the wars. You can economise on all worrying for the present, however. Our flight-surgeon has grounded us all pending a check to determine if we're suffering from overwork. Don't look now, but I've heard of chaps getting long leave of absence under such circumstances."

"I read and re-read your last letter many times while we were on that island. The tall-gunner had a love story magazine which I tried in desperation, but it was too gummy for me. I prefer romance of a less synthetic brand."

"Yours, 'Mike'."

On the whole, that was a very satisfactory letter, but being grounded must have given him lots of time to write. Only two days later another one came—and you can read it for yourselves.

Please turn to page 20

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, have Broken Rest, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity or loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause. Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clear out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called

Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

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Get Cystex from your chemist to-day. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 2 sizes—4/-, 8/-.

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

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Men, women and children of all ages from 5 to 15 have come to see me, worried and fearful about their eyes, and have gone away relieved and hopeful again. I have helped hundreds of people to perfect eyesight again without the necessity for wearing glasses. These include lads about to enter the Air Force, Sailors, and Soldiers, Women for the Services, Engine Drivers, Chauffeurs, Policemen, men, women and children from all ranks and conditions of life, and all callings. No matter what your age, if this makes you say to yourself, "That's me!" call or write (enclosing 3/6d. stamp for postage) for full information and my Free Booklet "Better Natural Sight Without Wearing Glasses" (consultation is free), to Ferguson Eyesight Training, 6th Floor, Manchester Unity Building, 180a Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Phone: MA5455.

WITH FOUNDATIONS NEARLY RIGHT IS WHOLLY WRONG

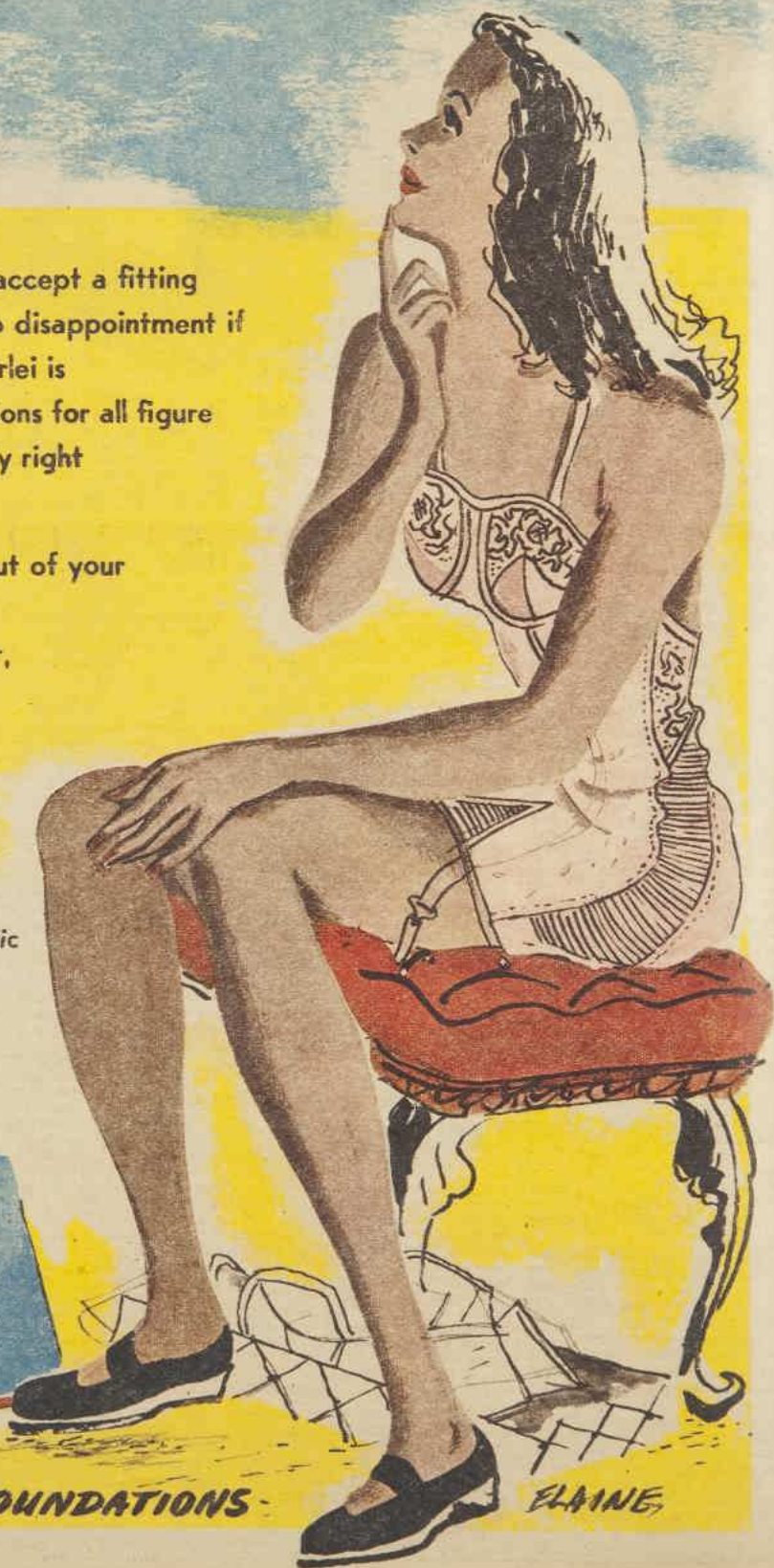
When you choose your next Berlei, don't accept a fitting that's nearly right. You're doomed to disappointment if you do. In spite of wartime difficulties, Berlei is still making many thousands of foundations for all figure types. You've no reason to accept a nearly right fitting.

So, if your usual store says, "Sorry, sold out of your Berlei fitting," hold on a little while . . .

they should soon have it. The comfort, beauty and perfect satisfaction, that only the right Berlei can give you, is well worth a little time spent in waiting.

The Wartime Fitting:

Because of regulations which insist on less elastic in foundations, make sure that the garment is tried in the sitting position. Also, it is necessary to have slightly more freedom at waist and hips to allow freedom of movement.



Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

FLAINE

SILVER CITY . . . with a golden future



THIS VIEW of Zinc Corporation Mine, Broken Hill, shows the central new main shaft, "The Heart of the Plant," through which all the ore is handled in transit from shaft to mill. Behind the mine is the Albert Morris Memorial Plantation, a wonderful protection against dust.

Broken Hill will confidently celebrate Sturt centenary

By ALICE JACKSON

Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, who has just returned from Broken Hill. (See also pages 12 and 13.)

Pictures by JACK HICKSON

Our staff photographer

Preparations are afoot in Broken Hill for the centenary celebrations of its discovery by Sturt on August 12, 1844.

Heart of our munition sources and silver coinage, Broken Hill is a true wonder city. If it were in America, it would be a holiday resort as world-famous as Palm Springs, Arizona, with dude ranches and all the trappings of the millionaire holiday paradise.

BEST feature of its isolation is the development of a true family spirit which, now that its future is assured, is rapidly transforming this former desert township into a smiling, pleasant city of prosperous, modern homes.

Of its unlovely shifting, and often squalid past, plenty of evidence remains. Women are still toiling in small galvanised-iron cottages set in arid allotments. Many tumble-down shacks and humples still remain.

But the vision of well-equipped garden homes in gracious surroundings has been materialised for so many home-owners that it is only a matter of time when these will be the rule, and the slovenly misery of the bad old days of "Plunder and Get Out" be but a nightmare memory.

In the past seven years, in spite of wartime halting of building, more and better homes have been built in Broken Hill than in the thirty preceding years.

Last Saturday morning I watched its shopping crowds as, in recent months, I have watched women shopping in many of our towns from Townsville to Geraldton.

What a contrast to the weary, baffled, frustrated, hurrying shoppers now characteristic of Brisbane, Sydney, Melbourne!

In the incomparable clear sunny air of a perfect autumn day, smartly dressed, well-groomed women strolled leisurely along the wide pavements, many accompanied by their husbands and children. Many of them are third-generation Broken Hill folk, and any crowd contains lots of relatives as well as old friends.

Greetings are exchanged, groups chat together. Many commodities scarce or unobtainable elsewhere are on sale in the shops—bacon, eggs, leeks, and some china were among these we noted.

Fresh vegetables are not in plentiful supply, and the cost of living is high, but wages are also high. About three hundred women and girls are on the payroll of a munitions annex in the town.

The city's 30,000 inhabitants are almost entirely dependent on mining activities. Over 4,000 men are directly employed in the mines and in their associated services.



BROKEN HILL SCHOOLBOYS enjoy an afternoon dip in the beautiful baths built and maintained by the Zinc Corporation for employees and their families. The water, which is kept at an even, warmed temperature, is thoroughly purified four times daily.



BRENDA AND JUNE SCUGALL, twin daughters of plantation manager Mr. J. Scougall, gather in a few vegetables. The girls are clerical workers at the mine. That's Brenda on the left—or is it June?

Four companies are operating in the field—North Broken Hill, the Zinc Corporation, Broken Hill South, and New Broken Hill Consolidated.

Employment figures stretch right to Great Britain. The whole of the concentrated lead ore is smelted at Port Pirie, S.A.—in the world's largest individual lead smelter. Two-thirds of the zinc concentrate is electrolytically treated at Bladen, in Tasmania, and the balance at the great British zinc smelting works in the United Kingdom.

Most fascinating of the many mining operations we watched on our visit to the Zinc Corporation mine was the treatment of the finely crushed ore by the "mass flotation" process, which has revolutionised metallurgical practice in base metal concentration.

Vitality important discoveries in

this method were made by the Zinc Corporation mill superintendent, Mr. James Lytzer. Another of the brilliant metallurgists whose research contributed to it was the late Mr. E. J. Horwood, of the Broken Hill Proprietary Company.

We watched dust-fine ore as it was passed along conveyor-belts from its final crushings into a long line of water-filled troughs. Air, certain chemicals, and oil had amalgamated the lead and silver in the ore with the million tiny bubbles which float it to the surface.

Mechanically operated paddles skimmed the bubbles. As they were passed from trough to trough the precious ore cream decreased in thickness and the bubbles grew ever larger. In the final trough only brownish water remained.

Partly along, this zinc-impregnated water was treated on similar

lines to the lead and silver, but, of course, the chemicals used were those with special affinity for zinc.

Hard by, wooden vacuum-presses, canvas-soaked, dehydrated the products which were dropped into trucks and sent off to Port Pirie for smelting.

This, then, was "the good earth." Much of its profits we saw in the subsequent two days of our visit, translated into human terms of homes owned by contented workers, into gardens and playgrounds for children, into tennis courts, swimming-pool, into fine schools and a superb quarter-million-pound hospital.

Eight years of the reconstruction programme commenced by the Zinc Corporation in 1935, when it started on its new £2,000,000 plant, have achieved splendid results.

Prime mover in every movement of social significance is the manager, Mr. A. J. Keast.

In a very special sense he knows the town, the mine, and the people. His boyhood was spent there, and his early education acquired in its schools. As a youth he worked in the mines, till he enlisted in 1915.

After Gallipoli, while in France he transferred to the Royal Engineers. The war ended, he was awarded a special scholarship which enabled him to complete his mining and University education at Michigan, U.S.A.

Followed years of experience in mine management in America, Persia, Mesopotamia—and, at length, the opportunity to return to Broken Hill and combine his successful mining career with the building of his old home town into something nearer the place he'd always felt it should be.

First physical problem to be tackled was the dust menace. How that was done is a story in itself, but, briefly, Mr. Keast selected for the job the late Mr. Albert Morris, a botanical genius, who, for his work in Broken Hill, is assured of immortality.

To walk through the Zinc Corporation's Albert Morris Park is to spend an enchanting hour.

Every lovely shade of green and gold is there in the groves of eucalyptus, olive, walnut, and other trees, in the orchards with their oranges and lemons, citrons, grapefruit, loquats, persimmons, peaches, pears, apricots.

Vegetables of every variety add their quota of color and charm. Evergreen lawns of South African grass border glorious flower beds where just now roses, dahlias, and chrysanthemums are blooming to perfection.

Round the town, under Albert Morris' directions, "regeneration" areas have been planted and enclosures made to provide a green defence against the dust.

Continued on page 14

Editorial

MAY 13, 1944

WARTIME EDGINESS

"THERE'S a war on, you know."

With this barbed remark, exasperated shop assistants have inflicted pain on many a housewife struggling through her daily shopping.

The girl behind the counter does not, as a rule, mean to speak offensively.

She has simply become irritated by the milling throngs of customers who, all day long, demand things that are not on the shelves.

But Australian housewives, with their menfolk at the front, their housekeeping limited by shortages of all sorts, hardly need to be told there's a war on.

The wonder is that most of them carry on so cheerfully.

Jostled in crowded shops and tired out by the mountains of heavy parcels they have to carry home, some of them become nervy, and begin to snap and snarl.

The shopgirl, nettled, vents her annoyance on the next customer.

So there gradually comes into being a wave of wartime edginess and bad manners.

This is one thing that can't be set right by Government regulation.

It all depends on the patience and goodwill of individuals.

But those who serve the public can help if they realise that there is no special virtue in inflicting or suffering inconvenience.

Everyone realises that what civilians are putting up with is nothing to the trials and dangers Australian soldiers have endured in New Guinea.

But that is no argument in favor of women being subjected to unnecessary hardships.

—THE EDITOR.

Tough training for young A.I.F. boys

Fixed bayonets, booby traps, land mines make attack almost real

A mock battle was so realistic that trainees had difficulty in restraining themselves from bayoneting members of another A.I.F. platoon, writes eighteen-year-old Pte. Frank Ireland.

Pte. Ireland, who is with a training battalion in Queensland, describes a six-day bivouac in which the mock battle took place, in a letter to his mother in Lawson, N.S.W.

"THE bivouac started on the Monday and finished on the Saturday night," he writes. "It marked the end of my training in this camp and I am now ready for draft."

"We started out at five o'clock on Monday morning in full battle order, carrying our big pack on our backs with two blankets in it, a change of clothes, a ground sheet, a spare pair of boots, socks, toilet gear, boot polish, messing gear, a towel, and any other things we carried in our other pack which we wear on the side."

"We also carried our rifles, wore respirators and steel helmets."

"We were loaded down like pack horses and we carried about twice as much as we would if we were going into action."

"We completed our twenty-mile march by about three o'clock in the afternoon, and were at once ordered to dig in."

"We dug weapon pits about four feet deep in the hardest ground I have ever seen."

"At about ten o'clock that night it began to rain, and for the next six days it rained nearly every day and all night."

"Every night we slept or tried to sleep in our pits in inches of water for the whole six nights, and in the whole time I got an average of two hours' sleep each night."

"All the rest of the time was taken up repulsing attacks or attacking the 'enemy,' which was another platoon of troops from another company. In the whole time our clothes and boots were never dry."

Destroyed "enemy"

"WE were given a full night to sleep before coming home, and next day about three o'clock we began a forced march for home."

"Ten men dropped and were picked up by a truck. They were all men in their thirties; the army is certainly only a place for young men."

"The night before we set out for home we launched a great attack and completely destroyed the enemy."

"It was almost real. We had fixed bayonets and dud bullets; 'jelly' and land mines, and booby traps were exploding all round us."

"The night was lit up with red, green, and white Verrey lights and flares. Mortar bombs and grenades were exploding on the hill behind us, and you could not hear yourself shouting."

"Several chaps were knocked down by flying dirt and stones from the exploding mines and 'jelly,' and were carried away."

"When we finally came to grips with the 'enemy' we were all so worked up that it took us all our time to stop ourselves from sticking our bayonets into them."

"It was a wonderful experience, and although it was tough and we were on emergency rations all the time right through the bivouac, I would not have missed it for anything."

"It gives a real idea of the conditions our men are fighting under, and I will probably need the experience some time."

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by
Adele Shelton Smith

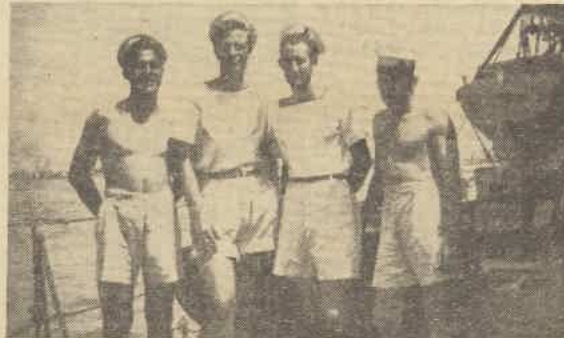
THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2/6. For blitzy extracts 1/6—see B.—is sent.



SEARCHLIGHT CREW, members of a mobile searchlight battery somewhere in Australia. Photo sent to Mrs. H. E. Hodder, Dec Why, N.S.W., by her husband.



R.A.A.F. BOYS on leave in New York being entertained by Chief Electrician Ray Salmon, of the U.S. Merchant Navy, a regular host at the Anzac Club. Discharged medically unfit from the A.I.F., he has been at sea for two years. Photo sent in by his mother in Epping, N.S.W.



FOUR AUSTRALIAN A.B.s in the crew of a Royal Navy destroyer, which served in the Mediterranean. Left to right: Jack Godson, Harold Moore, Reg Condon, Wally ("Shorty"). Harold Moore is now the only Australian in the crew.

Sgt. R. H. Harding, in New Guinea, to his mother in Gage St., St. Morris, S.A.:

"THE two outstanding items of interest have been the making of my new bed, and the thunder-storm."

"I went out armed with an axe, robbed the jungle of its saplings, and settled down to hard work, according to a prearranged plan."

"The timber was soon cut to lengths and laid out ready for assembly. By nightfall I was putting the last cloths into the hesian, which, with reinforcing, acts as the inner-spring mattress."

"It is a four-poster bedstead, as firm as Gibraltar and as soft as chistledown, and when draped with lace—well, mosquito-netting, anyway—it looks fit to grace a palace."

"The design is a combination of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, with a touch of the rustic."

"And then there came the storm! I was lying in my bed—my beauti-

ful bed—and watching from beneath the tent."

"Claps of thunder like we used to wonder at, and talk about to the next fellow in the tram, were just five-minute occurrences for a good three hours."

"Suddenly there was a crashing, crackling report, accompanied by balls of fire."

"By the light of it I could see that I had cued myself up into a tiny ball, so that only a single vertebra could have been connected with the mattress of my bed—my bed of beds!"

"The rain came down in a continuous sheet."

"Soon after, there was another crack, which was disastrous for the inmates of one tent, for the top pole broke and their tent collapsed on to them."

"We didn't laugh until next morning, lest ours should be the next. But we weathered it out, and so did my bed."

Squadron-Leader G. D. Graham, in England, to his wife in North Ipswich, Qld.

"HAVE done two more trips on Berlin, making seven for this tour on the big city."

"Left at midnight and had a quiet trip save, of course, the usual flak."

"But after the two previous ones, when we lost an engine on each trip, we were due for a quiet time. 'Berlin must be a mess. Through heavy cloud you could see fires burning from Denmark.'

"When the fires got going the sky is as bright as day. You can see everything for miles. The cloud just forms the outer covering for a high electric light bulb, even though it is 10,000ft. thick."

"Last night we did a trip on Stuttgart; were very late taking off, and, as we went in south of Paris and up, it was a long trip."

"We took off in moonlight with the odd snow shower, and had to go through a bit of cloud, high icing—just enough to ice up the windscreen—which is a heck of a nuisance."

"The usual flak on the target was very heavy, but there is a lot of space in the sky, so you go in and hope for the best."

"The whole crew are a grand mob and so very keen. I was lucky to get a team like them."

"The bomb-aimer is a champ. I have to smile."

"When the heaviest flak is on you right over the target, all he says is 'Bombs gone,' and then 'Steady for the photo. Hold it. Hold it!' and suddenly a gunner chips in, 'Curse the photo.'"

"They know their work thoroughly and have the typical hop-in-and-go-to-it attitude that is needed for their job. Their job is tough, but you should see them slip into it. A cheery crew with never a grouch."

LAC J. Scullin, in North-west Australia, to his wife in Coburg, Vic.:

"WE had been told to ask a gin to separate tea and sugar from sand, and we got one to do it yesterday."

"Not only did she do that, but she also separated the tea from the sugar!"

"They call this 'mandeering,' and use a sort of wooden dish, and only the gins can do it. No local here has seen a buck do it."

"I noticed a peculiar jerky motion of her wrists that matched the rhythm as she worked."

"It was wonderful to see the sugar going to one end, the tea to the other, and the sand remaining in the centre."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, May 10: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, May 11 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "All Those in Favour."
FRIDAY, May 12: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, May 13: Goodie Reeve presents "Melody Foursome."
SUNDAY, May 14 (4.15 to 5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, May 15: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, May 16: "Musical Alphabet."

Will play gipsy melodies

"Lasting Loveliness," heard from 2GB every Saturday night at 7.15, is a quarter-hour of restful music featuring Australia's finest string players.

MONTAGUE BREARLEY, well-known violinist and formerly of the B.B.C. Orchestra, who has rarely been heard as a violinist in Australia, leads a salon octet in "Lasting Loveliness."

Violinists are Phyllis MacDonald, Claire Simpson, and Inez Lang, with double-bass player J. Blitz, cellist Lal Kuring, harpist Elizabeth Vidler, viola player William Krasnik, and pianist Harry White.

The octet includes in its programmes popular classics and modern numbers. From time to time the Little Keyes Quintet will contribute a number.

Ron Randall, young radio actor, who recently returned from America, handles the continuity.

Montague Brearley has introduced many gipsy airs into "Lasting Loveliness."

When a youngster, he made a study of gipsy music in Germany. The gipsies have no music to guide them. They simply follow the leader, playing the music as they feel it. The leader is always a violinist.

Gipsy music has been the basis of much of the romantic music of the Masters of Europe. List, for instance, used many gipsy airs in his Hungarian Rhapsodies.

In Russia, the folk music of the gipsies has become an essential part of national tradition. One of the greatest violinists, Sarasate, adapted many gipsy airs for the violin.

On the Continent the gipsy is known as the Zigeuner, hence many musical compositions such as "Zigeuner Weisen."

FILM GUIDE

*** **North Star**. In this film, producer Sam Goldwyn presents the violent and deeply moving story of Russian peasants and their bitter struggle against the Nazis. Walter Huston's village doctor, Ann Harding's woman comrade, and Erich von Stroheim's German doctor are outstanding.—Century; showing.

** **Hello, Frisco, Hello**. Fox take the standard musical-comedy plot, add a lavish sprinkling of comedy and music, photograph it in stunning technicolor, and produce a thoroughly enjoyable show. Major surprise is Alice Faye, who looks like a dream and gives a grand performance. John Payne and Lynn Bari do nicely in their roles, and Jack Oakie teams with June Haver to supply some light-hearted comedy. Laird Cruger, heavily disguised behind a beard, is wasted in a minor role.—Regent; showing.

Tumbling Tumbleweeds. The popular title song is obviously Republic's only excuse for dishing out this stereotyped Western. Even in the midst of chases, hairbreadth escapes, false accusations, and the usual stock villains, cowboy Gene Autry still manages to impede the action with a few songs.—Capitol; showing.

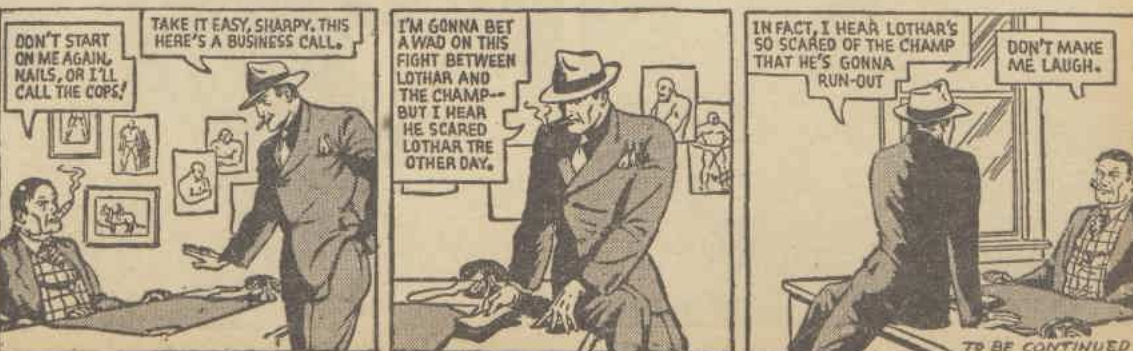


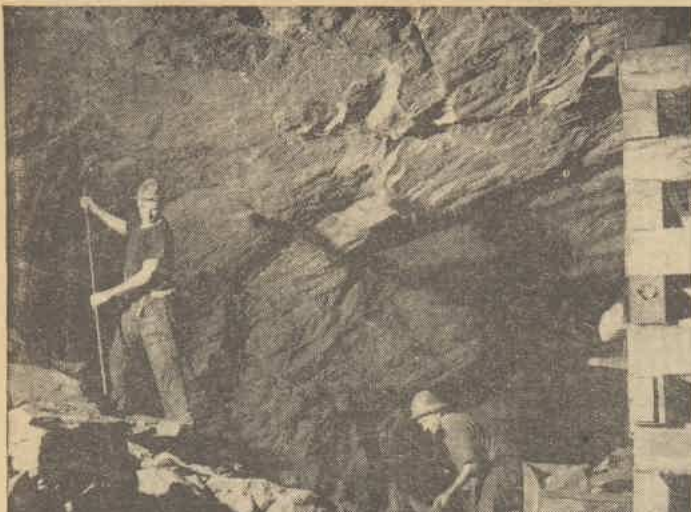
Mandrake the Magician



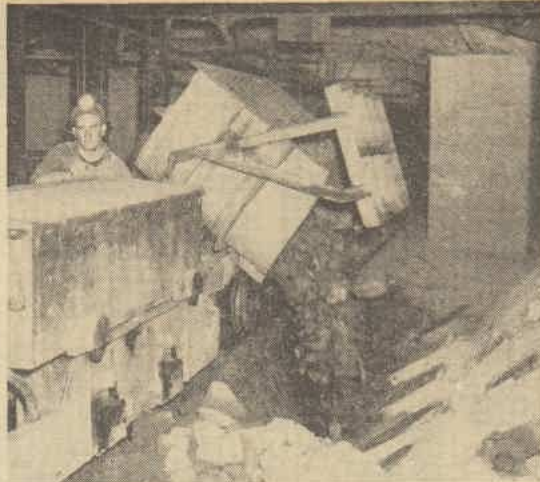
MANDRAKE: Master Magician, and **LOTHAR**: His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game because **SHARPY**: A manager, tricks Lothar into signing a contract. **NAILS**: A gangster, fails, through Mandrake's intervention, to force Sharpy into giving him a half-interest in Lothar. Meanwhile

JOE: A fight promoter, decides to sign Lothar and **THE CHAMP**: Famous huge wrestler, for a match together. They meet in Mr. Joe's office. The Champ attempts a bone-crushing feat when they shake hands, and an informal fight breaks out. **NOW READ ON:**





BARRING DOWN and loading. Jack Cann and Vince Fitzgerald handling ore for transport chutes. Ore is blasted an hour before and an hour after shifts.



HAULING TRUCKS. Loco driver Fred Williams hauling automatic tipping-trucks to the ore pass. Trucks contain four tons of ore, which passes through counter-balanced doors that close to prevent dust entering the workings.



TIMBERING. Walter Burgen sets timber to support the underground. The timber is 18 x 18 and is set at intervals of their diameter.

VISIT TO MINERS OF MUNITION

We go half-a-mile under the earth at Zinc Corporation

"Will you step into the cage, please?"

We step in. Someone rings a bell. The cage has a pretty speed limit of its own. In the same class as a parachute, it seems to us.

A minute or so later it slows down and comes to a gentle stop. Half a mile underground. No. 14 level.

LONG, cool, well-ventilated tunnels dimly lit with electricity. Trucks of ore being driven along the tram lines, ore from the richest lead-silver-zinc deposit in the

world, ore which will presently be transformed into our weapons of war and minted into our silver coinage.

Underground manager Mr. George Fisher introduces us to the driver of the locomotive, Mr. Frederick Williams, and the trucker, Mr. Jack Bates.

Like all the other men whom we met on the trip, these two gave us a very friendly welcome. They also exchanged a lot of good-natured banter with cameraman Jack Hickson, and threatened him with dire penalties if he made them into "pin-up boys."

All men working in the mines were either born in Broken Hill or have been resident there for many years. Mr. Williams, who is 28 years old, was born there. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Williams, are living in Harvey Street.

One of his brothers, Leslie, is a lieutenant in the Army. Another brother, Eric, is in the Air Force. A third, Jack, is in the time office of the Zinc Corporation.

Fred is shortly to be married. He has bought himself a house, so has no spare-time problems in his mind. He spends all his leisure painting and preparing his future home.

Most of his married fellow employees also own their own homes.

There was no discernible dust in the air. Blasting operations are carried out an hour before and after shifts, so the old evils of mining in dust-laden air have been abolished.

Mates at work on the ore body were Mr. Oswald Charles Hanson and Mr. Robert Smith. Like so many



SKIPMAN "Ponto" Howard operating skip-loading mechanism in the main shaft. He has been 20 years on this job.

men mining in Broken Hill, Mr. Hanson had married young.

One of the advantages of their way of life is that continuity of employment is assured. This lodge has at least 50 calculated working years ahead, and, beyond that, an indefinitely long future.

The town's schools offer excellent primary, high, and technical education. A generous scholarship system subsidised by the Zinc Corporation,

providing apprenticeships, engineering cadetships, intermediate and University scholarships, opens wider avenues for ambitious and gifted youth.

So it is not surprising that there are many early marriages and many large families in Broken Hill.

Mr. Hanson, who is 29, told us that he was born in Broken Hill, married a Broken Hill lass, and has now four children—Jan, Marie, Margaret, and Kenneth.

Oswald Hanson and Robert Smith were operating a huge pneumatic rock drill, preparing holes in the ore for later blasting.

We talked, also, with the miners associated with them. One of them, Mr. Larry Anderson, still pulling his weight in spite of his 63 years, has an exceptionally interesting background.

Born at Alkirk, in the Shetland Isles, he has early memories of fishing expeditions made with his sister in an open boat as far as the coast of Iceland.

Born in Broken Hill, also, and married to local lassies, were the next two men we met—Mr. Albert Green and Mr. Frederick Thompson.

Three-year-old Brian Albert is the hope of the Green household and there are two Thompson girls—17-year-old Norma, a shop assistant, and 15-year-old Patricia, who is studying art at Broken Hill Technical College.

Winch-driver Mr. Clarrie Williams



OPERATING CRANE. H. W. Birmingham, in charge of electrical crane and fitting shop, pulls control cord of overhead crane.



WINCH-DRIVER Clarrie Williams lowering Fred Thompson (left) into an ore pass through which ore is sent to bottom of shaft. Looking on is Albert Green.



TRUCKER Jack Bates stands on a platform built in the timber to keep him clear of falling ore.



VETERAN MINER. Underground manager, George R. Fisher (left), chats with veteran miner Larry Anderson.



Bill Morrissey erecting square-opening where the ground is uneven. Miners spend one-third of their time working.



CRIB TIME. Bill Morrissey, Walter Burgess, Fred Smith, Vince Leonard, Arthur Kremmer having mid-shift meal in underground crib house. Several crib houses are constructed on each level. Miners are not permitted to eat at their workings.

AND MONEY . . .



SMOKO. Albert Green lights his cigarette at carbide open-flame lamp.

No sign of untidiness was visible anywhere. Regular bonuses are given for "good housekeeping" and the neatness and method which are such a pleasing feature of every section of the whole extensive works are the prevailing order underground also.

When they come off shift, men are taken up to the shower-rooms, where water temperatures are graded from very warm to normal. From there to the dressing-rooms, where street clothes are parked. A turnstile leads to the open—then home by bus or bicycle.

Each man has done a seven-hour shift, including travel time and stated breaks, which hold the actual working time down to approximately five hours.

Men whose muscles have been affected during their shift are given skilled massage treatment by Mr. Wally House. Several years ago Wally was struck down by hereditary blindness. The Company sent him for

special education and training as a masseur. Wally, who has marvellous hands, revels in the job.

Our own morning's work concluded with a visit to the cafeteria, where we watched over 200 surface workers served in less than ten minutes.

I have visited many industrial and civilian cafeterias in England and America as well as here at home. Few that I have seen can compare with this. For system, absolute cleanliness, quick service, and excellent food, it is in the model class.

An immense, airy room, it has a stage equipped for sound and broadcast system installed.

Tables seat four. Each seat is numbered, and in each place is a numbered white enamel billy. Each man has been given a little numbered metal container for his tea and sugar. He hands these in when he checks in for work, and his billy of hot tea is placed on his table just before he comes in to lunch.



WORKING DRILL. J. Peters and J. Ford operating pneumatic rock drill boring holes in the face of a drive. A drive is the first opening made in developing the ore body.

From the self-service menu there was a choice of pea soup (3d.), steak and kidney (7d.), creamed potato and swedes (1d. each helping), luncheon sausage and salad (6d.), plum pie and custard (3d.).

Milk, hot pies, and pasties, bread rolls, and ice-cream were also to be had. All cooking, except of bread, pies, and pasties, was done on the spot.

Five girls, Misses Edna Pryor, Dorothy Ball, Kathleen Glanville, Maxine Hill, Edna Crown, were on duty.

Justly proud of his super-cafeteria is the manager, Mr. Arthur Ghis, who has been 16 years with the Zinc Corporation and seven on his present job. Before being placed in charge of the cafeteria he was sent abroad by the company for special training and experience.

In the afternoon, we went round the various industrial shops which make the mine an almost completely self-contained establishment. Khaki-overalled carpenters, tin-smiths, moulders, fitters, machinists, boiler-makers, and others were all at work in scrupulously clean surroundings.

Many of them, such as Mr. H. W. Birmingham—invariably nicknamed "Bum"—who is in charge of the electrical crane and fitting shop, are members of the Quarter Century Club, where membership is restricted to men over 25 years with the Zinc Corporation.

Mr. Birmingham is the eldest of a family of twelve. He and his brothers once had their own well-known orchestra. One brother, Mr. Alf Birmingham, now plays the double bass with the A.B.C.

At the end of the three days we spent in and round the Zinc Corporation mine, we found it easy to understand the opinion of leading foundryman, Mr. Alfred Wasley.

Father of three sons, two of whom work in the mine, and five daughters, and with six grandchildren to keep his heart still young, Mr. Wasley found it easy to answer my question: "What do you think of life in Broken Hill?"

Said Mr. Wasley:

"For a worker, if he watches his work and takes some pride in it, Broken Hill is the most wonderful place in the world. A man is in constant work and has no worry."

"Broken Hill used to have a bad name, but people are settled now. It is a proper town. Fellows used to come and make plenty of trouble and go. Men didn't make a real home in Broken Hill once. They do now."



DRYING MOULD. Leading foundryman Alf Wasley lowers brazier into mould to dry it out. He has handled castings up to $\frac{1}{2}$ tons.



COMING OFF SHIFT. Miners handing in safety-lamps to E. F. Fawcett, carbide lamp attendant.

SILVER CITY Continued from page 9

A NEW sense of stability has resulted from the exploration of ore bodies and the knowledge that production will continue for probably another century.

In all phases of the city life a new outlook has become apparent. The Government has commenced a sewerage system. Building societies, sponsored by the Government, the citizens, and the Zinc Corporation, have come into being. Stores and leading hotels have been modernised, schools and churches vastly improved.

For the past twenty-five years there have been no strikes. Industrial peace, faith in the future, have kept Broken Hill from a ghost-town fate, and made it a thriving civic centre.

One dreaded ghost, however, haunts the minds of its people. The grey fear of a water famine. For several years the rainfall has been below the official average of eight inches. At present only six months' water supply is in sight.

Yet to assure this city, so vital to Australia's present and future safety and well-being, an ample water supply would involve no prohibitive cost.

We drove to Silverton, seventeen miles distant cradle of Broken Hill, whose former 2000 population is now reduced to 200, many of them prosperous poultry farmers.

Bordered with magnificent eucalyptus, the wide bed of the Umber-umber Creek is now bone dry. But one inch of concentrated rain, ensuring a quick run-off, and it runs a banker.

This is the drainage area for one of the two reservoirs supplying water for Broken Hill. The other is Stephens Creek. Through the gorges of the Barrier Ranges these and other creeks debouch into Mundi Mundi plain.

Capacity of the two reservoirs made by closing off the Umber-umber and Stephens Creeks ensures a three years' supply to Broken Hill. The present drought bears witness to the inadequacy.

The drought, which has extended

over three years, is causing not only anxiety about gardens and trees, but grave fear of loss of the livelihoods which depend on the water supply, and the future of the mining industry.

Additional reservoirs with minimum capacity of five years, or pipe connection with the seventy miles distant River Darling, are needed before Broken Hill folk will feel really secure.

Water costs 2/6 per thousand gallons. Every drop is hoarded; every drop that can be salvaged is used for gardens; but the scarcity is a drawback to the community life.

Cost of ensuring an ample supply, even if it ran into a million pounds, would be a sound national investment. Broken Hill has already produced two hundred million pounds gross in products, and may duplicate this in the next fifty years.

Its lead and zinc are used in almost every phase of the production of munitions. Its silver supplies practically all our silver coinage.

Ten per cent. of its total population of 26,000 are in the fighting services. Despite this, the mining companies are maintaining almost peak production.

On our drive back to the town, places were pointed out where enterprising men are independently mining full or spare-time shows. One small company of miners just south of Cockburn is operating a feldspar lode and shipping thousands of tons away for use in the war effort.

Several lots of miners who work all the week operate small shows at the week-ends. The Zinc Corporation provides facilities for treatment and makes immediate payment on purchase.

We drove back to the airport, through this unique city, where all the streets are named after the minerals or mining processes—Crystal, Beryl, Blended, Cobalt, Mica, Wolfram, and so forth.

We could not help feeling that another century of life lay ahead of it, and that the next hundred years would be better than the century soon to be celebrated.

"JUST" a minute.

Captain," Denhim said. "Is it all right with you if the marriage is performed after dinner to-night?"

"Sure. Fine," Rebrow answered. "You know," Denhim went on, following the captain to the door and standing close behind him, "I never heard of the Ladybird."

"You never heard of the Ladybird?" Rebrow's face had cleared of expression.

"No. McCloud mentioned it to me. The incident of the S O S. What Ladybird was it?"

"Oh." The captain continued on his way out. "She was formerly the Danzig, a Nazi boat seized in Panama."

He disappeared down the length of deck, and Sue said, "As if the coast guard wouldn't have known that. Wouldn't they?"

Denhim was thoughtful. "We have to be careful," he said. "After all, they might want the Nazis to know it. Why, I don't know. But we can make sure."

"The registry?" asked Bruce.

"Right. Come on up."

They went up to Larry's cabin and he locked the door behind them. He placed the heavy book on the desk, and all three of them looked.

There was no Danzig.

"Now what?" asked Sue.

"Well," Denhim said. He was being deliberate, cautious, precise, and Bruce was now glad that this was his character. He was thankful for it, and ready to accept Denhim's leadership. "Well," Larry said, "we've got to find out, if possible, who else is in on this. I can vouch for the gun crew. But when it comes to the officers..."

"The way I see it," Bruce said, "the Ladybird is a clue. If they say they know about a Ladybird, they belong to Rebrow."

"Arnold," added Sue.

"Perhaps," Denhim said. "Perhaps. After all, all he said was that he picked up the S O S, and there was an S O S, even if it was a false one. He went over to a closet and took two revolvers from a suitcase and gave Bruce one."

"I've figured out a few things we can do," he said then. "Sue and I are going to see each of the officers in turn and put him to the acid test of the Ladybird. We'll find out who else is in on the scheme. And you, Bruce, you go in and speak to Arnold. Talk about the S O S. If he's in on the scheme, and he may very well be, we'll know how we stand."

"And afterwards?" Sue asked.

"Well, we'll all attend the ceremony in Rebrow's cabin. If we find out who else is in on this, we'll take care of them. Then I and the other officers will take the boat over. That's all. And right away, I'm going down to speak with the chief engineer, Robbins, and you sort of drift in a little later, Sue." He arose, hesitated, and then kissed her briefly. "See you later." He walked out.

It left Bruce embarrassed. "I take back all the nasty things I said about Larry," he said.

But Sue seemed far removed from his friendliness. She sat in a kind of trance.

"What's wrong?" Bruce asked.

She looked up, a wrinkle growing between her brows. "I don't want to start that wedding ceremony, whether Rebrow's good or bad."

"You mean that now that you can have Larry, you don't want him?" "I mean..." She hesitated, a kind of odd wonder shining on her bright face. Impulsively, she asked, "How long have you been in love with me, Bruce?"

But he got up in anger, outraged by her irresponsibility, and went out. Briskly he made his way up to Arnold's cabin. Bruce knocked. There were steps. The door opened, and it was black inside.

"Who is it?" Arnold asked. "Oh, Mr. McCloud. Come in."

Bruce entered. The door closed, and Arnold snapped the light on.

"Got to be careful," he said. "I came to chew the rag."

"Sure; sit down."

There was a buzz from the apparatus, and Arnold quickly sat at it. He put the earphones to his head. Bruce picked a chair near the door. Behind Arnold's back he fingered the gun and waited.

"It's a little close in here," Bruce said. "Couldn't we turn out the light and leave the door open?"

"Sure, why not?" The light snapped off and Arnold brushed by. The door swung open and the wind came in. It blew softly, secretly.

Arnold stood silhouetted against the receding light of the sky. "A fine night," he said. "A fine night. Are you enjoying the cruise?"

"Yes," Bruce said. "I am."

"Would you like a drink?" The dark figure came back and sat down. "No, thanks," Bruce said. "You

The Enemy Sea

from page 4

know, I've been thinking about the Ladybird."

"Have you? Carlson was a fine man."

So he was in it.

"Have you been long at sea?" Bruce asked.

"A few years." The melancholy voice came remotely from a featureless face. "I used to work for an air concern in South America."

"Germans?"

There was a pause. "What makes you say that?" Arnold asked.

"I thought all the transport companies were Germans."

"This one wasn't. Then I came north again and got a job with this company."

Just then a high voice, a shrill and strained voice, cried out somewhere. "Submarine!" It cried. "Submarine... Submarine!"

The cry broke the stalemated situation. Bruce said, "Don't move." He held the gun in his hand, pointed in the general direction of Arnold.

From below came confused and mumbled voices, a cascade of shouts. Arnold stirred. "Don't move," Bruce said. "I'll kill you."

Arnold sat calmly. "I hope you don't fire that thing at me by accident. I'm not going to move."

There was a trace of laughter in the even tones, but Bruce was listening for the outside noises, for the accompaniment of action; and suddenly it came, flat flashes of noise, a pair of them, a pause, another, and then two more. Someone was shooting a revolver.

But why hadn't the submarine fired at them? Bruce wondered. Why hadn't the gun crew fired? He stood there, confused and tense, holding the ominous weapon between him and the radioman. "We found you out," Bruce said. "You're Nazis, you and the captain."

"Just be careful with that gun," Arnold said quietly. "Just don't kill me accidentally."

"You'll die on purpose," Bruce said. "You're a murderer. How many ships did you and that captain bring to the submarine? How many men to their graves?"

"Two," Arnold said. "Watch that gun. I'm not moving."

Suddenly the very air seemed to have changed, the very world. It had altered, quieted, silenced.

"The boat's stopped," Bruce said.

FROM far off there was a long hail. It travelled the engineless night clearly. It was in German, in some sharp and guttural voice. And in his back Bruce felt a poke, hard and uncompromising, and a voice said, "Drop that gun."

"Be careful," Arnold said in a strained voice. A gun jabbed again into Bruce's back. "Drop it."

Through the open door there came the sound of voices, speaking to one another across the open sea. The voices were speaking German, so far as Bruce could make out. He felt the trigger in his hand, and he fired directly at the seated Arnold. Then he twisted and grabbed at the man behind him.

A tumult of action broke upon him. He felt a muscular body in his arms, and he tugged and went over sideways, crashing to the floor, the man rolling off him and away.

Arnold was screaming, and the sweet smell of powder burned in the air. In the darkness Bruce lunged over, scrambling on the floor.

He fought without anger, trying to kill the man who was striking him. Heavy shocks of pain ran across Bruce's face as the other struck him, and slowly, battling all the way, he rose to his feet.

They stood apart, separate.

There were steps coming up the iron stairway, and voices. Bruce backed slowly to the door, and suddenly he was hit from behind and fell.

It was absurd, having the headache and not daring to open his eyes. But finally he decided that he had to get up.

He was in his own cabin, lying on the bunk. The engines were going again, and he wondered who had hit him, and with what... and he wondered what had happened to Sue and Denhim.

It was obvious that he and Denhim and Sue had miscalculated. There must have been quite a number of traitors aboard, and when the Nazi submarine hailed the Arrow, Denhim had been shot and Sue, too, and perhaps others. Then the boat

had stopped and taken some Nazi aboard, and now the Arrow was proceeding again.

A bustle of steps sounded in the corridor and paused outside the cabin. The door was flung open, and then Sue was literally flung in. She came hurtling across the room right at Bruce, and he caught her in his arms. But she twisted out, on her feet like a cat, shouting at the closed door, "Kill me, too!"

"Sue," said Bruce.

She wheeled round and stood there crying. "They've killed him."

He made her sit down on the bunk and he tried to comfort her, but she wouldn't be comforted. "What happened?" he asked.

"I don't know, for sure. Larry took me to the captain's cabin. Then he went off to get the engineer—you know—Robbins, the fat one with the sad eyes. He was supposed to be best man, and Rebrow talked away. Then I heard a cry from the look-out. About the submarine. I made a dash for the door but Rebrow grabbed me by the hand. He must be made of iron. I thought my wrist would crack. He sat me down. And then I heard that shot."

She paused.

"And Larry?"

"He never came back."

It closed them both into silence. Long minutes passed, then Sue raised her eyes.

"Let's find out what's going on," Bruce suggested. "I'm curious, no matter what happens, well—"

He kicked at the door as it opened.

Arnold stood there, one arm in a sling, and behind him was a young boy with a Tommy gun, and to one side stood Captain Rebrow.

"The captain said, 'Come along.' He pushed Bruce into the corridor and took Sue's arm."

Arnold prodded Bruce forward, and as they marched along, Bruce asked, "Tell me, just satisfy my curiosity, where are we going and why?"

"The boy said, 'I can tell you where you're going.'"

"Shut up, Edgy," Arnold said good-naturedly. "After all, maybe Mr. McCloud will write us up." He smiled. "I tipped you off when I mentioned the Ladybird because what happened to hear a broadcast saying there wasn't any. Well, the fake S O S was a signal to us to proceed as planned. It meant the sub pack had collected."

He giggled a little. "It's very simple. There are eighteen tanks of oil on this ship, and they hold round seven thousand barrels apiece. It's a lot of oil. Now, U-boats use up oil cruising around while they wait for ships, and instead of just blowing up the Arrow, we're heading for a nice quiet rendezvous, and there we'll meet seven or eight subs, and refuel them... Are you happy now, Mr. McCloud? Will you be able to pass away quietly?"

They walked out on deck, and off to the right the submarine moved along, darker against the darkness.

"What happened to the others, the crew?" asked Bruce.

Rebrow replied, "They are working the ship under armed guard."

"And after refuelling?"

Rebrow shrugged his shoulders. "In here, please." He paused by the door leading to the officers' mess. "They'll be sunk like sailors."

"Murdered?"

"Yes," Rebrow admitted.

"I suppose"—Sue spoke up from the darkness—"we'll have the same honor."

"That's for the commander is say," Rebrow answered. He moved ahead and opened the door. "Come in," Rebrow said. "Come in, please."

Bruce followed Sue in. He was looking at her back, and so it shocked him completely when she cried out, "Larry! Larry!"

He looked over her shoulder, and he saw Denhim, surrounded by three sailors and two Nazi officers. Bruce yelled, "Larry!"

As Sue started toward Denhim, Rebrow gently held her back.

"Well," Bruce said, "that just goes to show what swine these people are. They let us believe you were dead."

Sue was suddenly crying and Bruce put his arm about her waist. He looked at the older Nazi. "So you're the boss here," he said.

The Nazi replied, in perfect English, "I'm afraid you're laboring under a delusion, my friend. Here Denhim is in command here."

The whole room became a beam of light that focused steadily on Denhim's still and handsome face.

To be continued

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As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE coming week will be uneventful for most people. Those whose signs are adverse will have a fighting chance of getting through their difficulties.

People born under Scorpio must take more care than others. Unless they are on their guard they may suffer losses and undesired changes.

Leonians, Aquarians, and some Taurians should also be careful.

There will be opportunities and changes for other Taurians, Virgoans, Capricornians, and, to a lesser degree, for Cancerians and Pisceans.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:—

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Live quietly. May 8, 9, and 10, fair.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Week of confusion and obstructions. May 11 (evening), fair. May 12 (morning), excellent; rest of day fair. May 13 (midday), very good. May 14 (to sunset), fair.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): May 9, 10, 11, and 16, difficult. May 15 (night), fair.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): May 9 (night), fair. May 16, very fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Guard against writing or saying foolish things or acting rashly, especially on May 9. May 14, tricky. May 15 (afternoon), difficult. Routine is advised for all Leonians. Avoid change and aggressive acts.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Use wisdom, confidence, and hard work to achieve desired goals. May 12 (morning), excellent. May 13 (midday), excellent; rest of day good.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): House best. Plan now for the future. May 14 and 15 best days.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Be patient and wise. Beware pitfalls, rumors, and carousals. Loss of temper can lead to opposition, partings, disappointments, and adverse changes. May 8, 11, 14, and 15 worst days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): Avoid being rash. Routine for this week. May 8, 16, and 17, fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Confidence, forethought, and hard work will help you achieve desired things. May 9 (evening), fair. May 11 (evening), fair. May 12 (midday), very bad, balance fair. May 13 (midday), fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Be cautious, especially on May 8, 10, and 14. Confidence this week can be helpful.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): No 13 (morning) and May 13 (midday), fair. May 16 (except round dusk), fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents the astrological diary as a matter of record, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"Where you going, Mopsy?"
"My mind is wandering and I'm just going along!"



F1990



F777



F774



F641

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

F777—Snappy velvet trimmed jacket-style two-piece. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds., 36in. wide, and 3 yds., 2in. wide, ribbon. Pattern, 1/7.

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F743—Enchanting black frock for afternoon and evening wear. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 3½ yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F774—New style yoke suit. Sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Requires 4½ yds., and 3 yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

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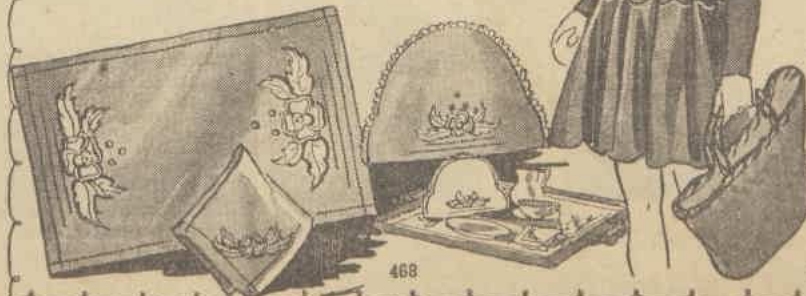
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This pretty wild rose design is traced on good quality white organdie. It is very simple to do, and is most attractive when finished. The set measures 11in. x 17in., the tea-cosy 12in. x 10in., and the serviette 11in. x 11in. The design should be worked in pastel tones of pink and rose, with green for the leaves, and a light brown for the stem-stitch on the hemline.
Complete set, price 4/11, plus 4½d. postage. Individually: 11 x 17in. mat, 3/9; 11 x 10in. tea-cosy, 2/9; 11 x 11in. serviette, 1/6. Plus 4½d. postage. No coupons required.
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This very smart and snug design is most becoming for the young lass these wintry days. It is traced ready to cut out and machine in staple fibre, in shades of grey, lilac-blue, sage-blue, or wine. This material wears well and resembles a lightweight woollen in weave and texture.
Note the attractive full skirt, the way the bodice is buttoned to the waistline, the long, snug sleeves.
Size 4-8 years, 19/11 (4 coupons); 6-8 years, 22/11 (5 coupons); 8-10 years, 26/6 (10 coupons). Plus 4½d. postage. When ordering, please ask for No. 467. And be sure to state which color is wanted.



467

468



COUNTRY and interstate interest when Lieut. Bruce Arrowsmith, A.I.F., Minlaton, South Australia, marries ACW Peggy Wilkinson, W.A.A.A.F., of Mount Pleasant, Cooma, and of Wollstonecraft.



MARKET DAY. Beverley Anderson (left), daughter of headmaster of Scots College, and Scots College cadet David Klein select lovely blooms for Mrs. Wyndham Rose and schoolboy son, David, when they attend Market Day arranged by Scots College Parents and Friends' Association in aid of five prisoners of war, whom they maintain at an annual cost of £260.



LOVELY BRIDE. Captain John Flood Nagle, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Stephanie Scott, leaving Blessed Sacrament Church, Clifton Gardens. Bride is only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Scott, Clifton Gardens. Captain Flood Nagle is eldest son of Mr. V. Flood Nagle and late Mrs. Flood Nagle, of Albury.



PROGRAMME SELLERS. Rene McHugh (left) and Jean McIlwride sell lucky number programmes at the Mikhailovska ballet performance at the Conservatorium, held in aid of Feminist Club Kindergarten Building Fund, Moore Park.



ARRIVED FROM CANADA. Wives and fiancées of R.A.A.F. airmen who will make homes in Australia. Ruth Ricard (left), fiancée of Warrant Officer C. Andrews, R.A.A.F., Sandgate, Queensland; Mrs. R. McLennan, with baby, Rosemary, who will live in Melbourne; Mrs. R. Tipping, wife of Warrant Officer Q. D. Tipping, will make home with husband's parents at Gordon until he returns from Middle East.

On and off DUTY.

DEMONSTRATION of spinning and weaving by handicrafts committee of C.W.A. will be highlight of Old English Fair to be held at home of Miss Mary Fairfax, Ginaghulla, Bellevue Hill, on May 20.

Fair is being organized by Eastern Suburbs branch which will give 75 per cent. of proceeds for C.W.A. Gorrill Scholarship Fund, and 25 per cent. for branch activities.

Mrs. J. Davies, chairwoman of social committee for fair, tells me highlights of day will be folk-dancing on lawns, stalls stocked with home-grown produce, home-made preserves, children's corner, fishing-pond run by branch's Younger Set.

INTERESTING wedding this Wednesday when Roslyn Macarthur Onslow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Macarthur Onslow, of Terrigal, marries John Carter, ex-A.I.F., son of late Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Carter, of Kikiamah, Young. Roslyn and John plan future home at Kikiamah, which is known for prize stud cattle.

LORD WAKEHURST and Lady Wakehurst graciously invite Travellers' Aid Society of N.S.W. to hold musical recital at Government House when Thomas Matthews and Eileen Ralph perform in aid of society's hostel appeal.

LOVELY finely embroidered handkerchief—said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette—given by Barbara Knox for Red Cross Exhibition and Sale of Treasures arranged by Red Cross Special Appeals Committee, which Lady Gorrill will open at David Jones' Auditorium this Tuesday. Exhibition will continue until May 30, when exhibits will be auctioned.



HAPPY SMILE FOR BRIDEGROOM, Sergeant Paul Tonkin, A.I.F., son of Prime Minister's secretary, Mr. E. W. Tonkin, and Mrs. Tonkin, Canberra, as he leaves Mary Immaculate Church, Waverley, after wedding with Shirley Page.

RUSH of trousseau shopping for sisters Happy and Janet McPhee, who both plan weddings this month. "I'm planning marriage at St. Canice's, and Janet chooses St. Mary's," Happy says. Happy's fiancé, Flying Officer Kevin Clifton, R.A.A.F., gets leave after three and a half years in Middle East, and Janet's husband, Lieut. Colin McNaught, A.I.F., is on furlough from New Guinea, and expects to marry this week.

HOME to Gundibiri, Merriwa, go Barbara and Doug Munro, who have been down in Sydney staying at Australia Hotel while attending cattle sales.

SPRIGS of orange blossom carried by her mother and bridegroom's mother at their weddings borrowed by Honor McLeish, who chooses St. Mark's, Darling Point, for marriage with Major David Jackson, A.I.F.

Honor is elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James E. McLeish, of Thurn, Quambone, and Darling Point. David is younger son of Major-General Robert E. Jackson and Mrs. Jackson, of Elizabeth Bay.

Honor, who was among first V.A.s to leave Australia, has received discharge. Bridegroom's sister, Lieut. Dawn Jackson, A.A.M.W.S., gets special permission to wear bridesmaid frock instead of uniform for ceremony.

SAPPHIRE ring with diamond chips worn by Peggy McPhee, who announces engagement to Gunner George Cannon, A.I.F.

Peggy is youngest daughter of Mr. James McPhee, of Orange, and late Mrs. McPhee. George is only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Cannon, of Manly and Horton Park, Booligal.

Interesting People

COMMANDER H. J. BUCHANAN

... destroyer captain

PROUD homecoming for Commander H. J. Buchanan, D.S.O., R.A.N., of Melbourne.

after distinguished service overseas. Is captain of Australia's new destroyer, H.M.A.S. Norman, recently arrived in Australian waters for first time. Ship is one of five "N" class destroyers transferred to Australia by Britain. Commander Buchanan won D.S.O. when in charge of H.M.S. Valentine during German invasion of Holland in 1940.

LIEUT. DORIS ANDERSON

... Army food testing

IN charge of food testing at Army Food Testing Laboratory, Melbourne, where samples of all tinned,

bottled, and non-perishable stores for Army are examined. A.W.A.S. Lieut. Doris Anderson is largely responsible for health of Army and R.A.A.F. personnel. Science graduate, Melbourne University, she was assistant lecturer in bio-chemistry, Sydney University, before war.

MAJOR W. HAGUE

... war graves

MAJOR WILLIAM HAGUE, of Melbourne, now attached to Imperial War Graves Commission

in Middle East, was recently appointed Area Superintendent of Iraq and Persia. Was formerly in charge of graves in Western Desert and supervised formation of El Alamein war cemetery. Went to Middle East with A.I.F. in 1939, and has served there continuously ever since.



CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES forms guard of honor for Sergeant Eric Day, A.I.F., and bride, former Joan Petterson, of Hunter's Hill, who is secretary to corps, as she and husband leave St. Philip's, Church Hill, after wedding.



Movie World

● ANN MILLER, Columbia's whirlwind young tap-dancer, tried unsuccessfully for two years to get a chance in films, and was first discovered by a talent scout when singing and dancing at a nightclub in San Francisco. When she isn't working on a film

she dances from four to eight hours a day to keep in trim. Ann entertains at the Hollywood Canteen, and recently returned from a camp tour. She is shown here hanging her Service flag in the window—one star for each member of the family in the Services.



A LIMP OF SATAN, NOTHING LESS
THEY SAY OF MARGARET SUSAN BESS



SHE RAVENS THE ORCHARD AFTER FRUIT
A MOST UN-LADY-LIKE PURSUIT



TO FIND THE CULPRIT, FARMER SANDS
IS WATCHING OUT FOR FRUIT-STAINED HANDS



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French actor in war drama



1 WHEN FRENCH PRISON is bombed, Clement (Jean Gabin), who is sentenced to be executed for killing a policeman, escapes and gets a lift on a truck.



2 TRUCK IS STRAFED by German plane, killing all but Clement, who sees opportunity to change his identity and takes papers of dead Sergeant LaFarge.



3 ESCAPING TO AFRICA, Clement meets Monge (John Qualen), Cochery (Eddie Quillan), Bouteau (Allyn Joslyn), Varenne (Richard Whorf), and Hafner (Peter Van Eyck), and they join Free French Army.



4 AT BASE impostor meets Yvonne (Ellen Drew), LaFarge's fiancée, who threatens to expose him.



5 ALTHOUGH Yvonne does not reveal his true identity, Clement confesses, is court-martialled and reduced to the rank of private.



6 BEFORE CLEMENT leaves for most dangerous sector of front, colonel (Ralph Morgan) wishes him well.

THE IMPOSTOR

THE problem of dialect was quite a serious one for producer-director Julien Duvivier in Universal's "The Impostor." It was his job to make a comradely group of six Frenchmen out of men representing four nationalities. Only one of them, Jean Gabin, is French. To support Gabin, Duvivier selected a German, a New Englander, two Pennsylvanians, and a Canadian. The German is Peter Van Eyck who left his native country in 1932 because he wanted no part of the "new order." The Americans are Richard Whorf, Eddie Quillan, and Allyn Joslyn. John Qualen is the Canadian.

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● For sophisticates, here is the perfect suit hat with tall crown and bumper-edged brim. The bright band of grosgrain adds a flip-pant touch.

● A coy little beret set straight on your head, and featuring a cleverly manipulated fold and bow to create an illusion of height. At night it goes out with a film of veiling.

● Memories of the Middle Ages with this quaint moulded coil cap. Interpreted in green felt and garnished with matching cords.

● Accent your youth with a small red felt bonnet with drooping brim and tiny, square crown banded with black velvet ribbon, tying in a soft bow at the back.

● An ultra-flattering turban to make in the same material as your frock. The topknot is draped and twisted, and two scrolled pieces hug the head firmly, and reveal your curls at the side.

● Green felt for a smartly tailored visored beret, trimmed with stitching and a purple felt bow in front.

René.



Advice to Mothers

Keep your children free from constipation this simple way. At bedtime give them Nyal Figsen, the gentle, pleasant-tasting laxative. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly yet thoroughly, without pain or discomfort. Figsen is equally good for young or old. Sold by qualified chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

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DEAR KEVIN:

"This will carry a home postmark, since it will fly back with me. Our good old crate is bound for the factory and an overhaul, and I'm to stay with her for a few days, checking with the engineers on changes to be made in ships for Arctic flying."

"The gang is scattering to all sections of the country. Ken, my co-pilot, and a grand fellow, is heading for New Mexico, and matrimony. We've had some hot arguments, but there's no reasoning with him. I wish I knew the girl. I'd like to tell her a thing or two, based on my own observations. I've seen what follows those ecstatic war honeymoons. She—like all the other brides—will want to be as close as she possibly can to where he's stationed. Why they do it goodness only knows, but they do. They see all the land weather, and know it's worse in the air."

"Of course, they keep their chins up, but the smile with which they meet the world doesn't go very deep. The ringing of the telephone means agony, and their hearts stop beating when they see a telegraph messenger. Now and then their husbands wangle a leave from Saturday night to Monday at dawn. Ecstasy again for forty hours, and the brides stretch it out to the last bitter-sweet second. They see their husbands off, then wait until the next time, if there's going to be a next time."

"Not for me. That isn't my notion of marriage or of happiness, or of a square deal to either party."

"No matter how much I loved a girl, or how much I thought she loved me, I'd never let her sign her name to that kind of contract. I'm dead against war marriages."

"I'll be home for thirty days, so arrange your schedule accordingly. I'll want to see some good shows, stage preferred. I'll want to dance. I'll want to breathe air that doesn't reek of high-octane fuel. We've got thirty days in which to get acquainted, Kevin. Let's make them count."

"Yours,
"Mike."

Wings for To-morrow

Continued from page 7

What a letter for a man to send a girl! Any man. Any girl. Mike. Me. I sat myself down and I wrote a telegram to one Captain Marshall Craig:

"Are you kidding yourself or trying to kid me? In thirty days there are seven hundred and twenty hours, forty-three thousand plus minutes, and more than two million seconds. Your co-pilot knows that adds up to a lifetime of ecstasy. He's smarter than you are. Lots."

"Kevin."

It was nearly a week before I got a telegram telling me to meet him next day at Woodfield station. I didn't do that. His father might have forgiven me if I had claimed his first hours, but his mother, never. So I ran away. I went to the canteen and made sandwiches and poured coffee until just barely time to catch the last bus home. Mother called sleepily from her room to tell me that Marshall had telephoned me. He'd be over to-morrow night.

He came at eight. He was six feet tall and well built. His hair was the darkest auburn you can imagine. His eyes were a very deep blue, and he looked straight at you.

There was always a very bright light in our hall. Too bright, I thought, but mother insisted on it. Mike took both my hands in his and he looked down at me and after a long time he said, "And you're Kevin."

Then he kissed me. I saw it coming, but I didn't duck nor did I take on the chin or the cheek that which was aimed elsewhere. I returned it and I said, "And you're Mike."

He laid his coat and cap on a chair and he followed me down the hall to my den. It had been mine since I was at school and I'd covered the original walls with knotty pine panels and had built in strong bookshelves which could be added to as my interests widened and my modest library expanded. I'd built a fire late in the afternoon, and by the time Mike arrived there was a deep bed of glowing coals.

I'm going to put down some of the things we talked about, just as I remember them. He didn't sit down, but stood in front of the shelves and glanced now at one book, now at another, while making such tender and romantic remarks as: "You've got some swell stuff here. I envy you this Glasgow Hakluyt." "Kipling, eh? I like him too. I don't care what some self-appointed critics say, I'm old-fashioned enough to believe that Kipling wrote poetry. You can set your teeth in it."

A little later, in a chair close to the fire, he said: "You know, Kevin, once I thought I'd land a berth in some college as a history professor and do a little writing on the side. When I graduated I won a post-graduate travelling fellowship, and the honor tickled Dad so much that he doubled it for me. I had a little money of my own to help out, and I wandered up and down Europe through '37 and most of '38. I'm no political analyst, but anyone who was over there then and couldn't see what was coming had his head in a bucket. Those who said we could keep out of it were even blinder—so I came home and joined up."

That was Saturday. I didn't see him on Sunday—my conscience again—but on Monday we had dinner together and danced. Wednesday was the sort of day you dream about, a bit of beautiful, smoky October dropped into December, so we took a bus out into the country, and walked.

You'll have to decide for yourselves if Fate had a hand in it, but after half a mile we saw a soldier and a girl walking toward us. The man halted, clicked his heels, and stood at salute. Mike acknowledged it, and then—when the boy remained at attention—said, "What's on your mind, soldier?" "We've just been talking, Alma and I, and we want to get married. Can you tell us how to get a licence?"

"No, I don't know exactly," Mike replied, "but let's all walk toward that church over there—there must be a minister's house nearby where we can find out."

"Thank you, sir. I've only got a week's leave—"

"A week!" Mike repeated. He refused to meet my eye—the coward. Some ten minutes later he marched up to the house (it was next to the church) and knocked. An elderly maid answered and said that the minister would be back in a quarter of an hour.

While waiting we heard their story. They'd gone to school together, and he'd left his job to enlist. She was of age, so her people could do nothing to prevent the marriage, but they had refused to be present. They didn't believe in war weddings, Alma said, and her eyes filled.

"But we do," she added quickly. "I love Dick and Dick loves me, and—and no matter what happens we'll have had this week."

I wish you could have seen her. She said she was twenty-one, but she looked about eighteen; a slip of a girl whose hands were roughened and calloused by hard work in an aircraft factory. A girl you'd never look at or give a second thought to if you hadn't met her as we did.

I don't think Mike spoke a single word to me while we waited there. He talked to the boy, learning his plans.

"You've got it all scheduled, haven't you?" asked Mike, and he added: "You seem pretty positive you're not making any mistake."

"Of course, we're not," the boy declared. His eyes dropped to the ribbon on Mike's breast and the silver wings above it. "You ought to know, sir, you can pack a heap of living into a week."

Then the minister came back and told them all they wanted to know. Mike offered to be best man when the date was fixed, and the boy was so overcome that he could only stammer and gasp.

After we said good-bye to the soldier and Alma, he touched my arm and led me back to the church. We sat down in one of the pews, and for a long, long time neither of us said a word. Then at last he spoke:

"That fellow I wrote you about—my room-mate—"

"Yes, Mike," I whispered. "When he went out, like he did, I—I let him slam the door behind him. I said, 'He's gone, and what the devil.' I told myself that if I let myself think about him or any of the others who didn't come back I'd go nuts. I wouldn't have. Sitting here, I know that he and all the rest came in for clean landings, at last, somewhere or other."

His voice was low, and the words came in little jerky periods. He didn't want me to say anything, I knew, and I didn't care if he saw that I was crying.

"There's one of Kipling's poems," he said. "I can't place it, but two lines are:

"He never wasted a leaf of a tree;

Do you think He would squander souls?"

If you can imagine a triumphant trumpet-blast muted to a reverent whisper, you'll know how those lines sounded. They spoke faith and strength and deathless courage. Then he took my hands and faced me.

"That kid to-day," he said, "that soldier, he showed a lot more courage than I have. He didn't tell the girl he loved that being married to a soldier was no life for a woman. No. What he said was that you can pack a heap of living into a week. How many seconds did you say there were in thirty days, Kevin?"

"More than two million, Mike." "We've wasted some of them, but we'll make 'em up somehow. Let's get married here, too, Kevin."

And I said, "Yes, Mike—soon." And so we were married.

That was exactly nineteen days ago, and I've just returned to the hotel after watching a train carry Mike away on the first leg of a journey whose end I don't know. I'm going to a training centre where I'll learn to operate a drill-press or to weld, and I'll work while I'm waiting.

He will come back. I know he will. He will come back, and he and I will have our lives together, and you—our children—will be born of our love. And you will live out your lives in a world free from fear and the sound of war-drums. It has to be, for:

"He never wasted a leaf of a tree; Do you think He would squander souls?"

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If your kidneys are not working properly the kidney tubes and filters become clogged with poisonous waste, and the danger of acid poisoning is greatly increased.

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There are scores of people who drag on a miserable existence without realizing the cause of their suffering. Perhaps their kidneys have fallen behind in their work of filtering the blood, and that may be the root of the trouble. Look to your kidneys, assist them in their work, give them the help they need.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or visit for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. It is used successfully the world over by millions of people. They give quick relief and will help to flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS at your chemist or drug

One skein of wool
makes this cosy...

BABY'S JACKET

MATERIALS required: 1 skein of baby wool, 3-ply; 1 pair No. 9 needles; 1 yd. narrow ribbon or crochet cord.

Cast on 56 stitches and knit two rows moss-stitch.

3rd Row: Knit 3 sts. in moss, then 2 tog., and make one by looping wool over needle. Continue knitting 2 tog. and making one until 3 sts. remain. K 3 in moss.

4th and 5th Rows: Moss-st. **6th Row:** K 5 moss-st., then k 10, * wool fwd., k 1, wool fwd., k 1, wool fwd., k 1, wool fwd., * k 20, repeat between asterisks, then k 10 and moss 5.

7th Row: Moss 5, purl to last 5, and do these in moss.

Keep 5 sts. in moss-st. at both ends of needle throughout the work.

8th Row: Moss 5, k 11, * wool fwd., k 1, wool fwd., k 3, wool fwd., k 1, wool fwd., * k 22, repeat between asterisks, then k 11 and moss 5.

9th Row: Same as 7th.

10th Row: Moss 5, k 12, * wool fwd., k 1, wool fwd., k 5, wool fwd., k 1,

wool fwd., * k 24, repeat between asterisks, then k 12 and moss 5.

Continue in this manner until there are 25 holes—then slip sts. between holes on to a safety-pin and leave until later. Continue knitting in, stocking-stitch, keeping the 5 moss-st. at the ends, until the work measures 9 in. Knit 5 rows in moss-stitch and cast off loosely.

Pick up sleeve stitches from the pins and knit to required length; now knit 5 rows moss-stitch and cast off.

Sew up sleeves, and thread ribbon or cord round the holes at neckline.



THIS little slip-on jacket is so nice for baby. It weighs only one ounce, but will keep your cherub cosy.

Between-meal sweets—appetite destroyers

● You should regard the money you spend on good food as an investment in your child's future health and strength.

By MEDICO

"MY John is such an active little chap. I give him lollies to make up for the energy he uses in running round," said Mrs. Constable.

John was a typical "nervous child"—underweight and much shorter than he should have been for his age. He was twisting his cap in his hands as he stood beside me.

"He's such a poor eater at meal times that I just have to give him something between," added Mrs. Constable.

"That's just the root of the trouble," I said. "Studies of the weight of food actually eaten by children show that the daily total is less when extra sweet foods are given between meals. When a child eats only at meal time, he eats what is provided, and clean plates are the result. Sugar has the great disadvantage that it destroys the appetite. Have you noticed what a poor dinner you eat if you have had a large afternoon tea with plenty of sweet cakes?"

"Yes, I have noticed that," replied Mrs. Constable, "but I'm not nearly as active as John. Surely he uses up more energy than I do?"

It might appear so at first sight, I told Mrs. Constable, but actually that is not the case. The child of five only needs half the fuel (calories) of the active woman, and only a third of the needs of the active man. Even the youth of 18 requires only two-thirds of the fuel of the very active man.

But the pre-school child needs half as much again of lime (calcium) as does the adult man or woman, except, the expectant or nursing mother, who needs double the normal amount.

The child's need for Vitamin A is nearly as great as that of the adult man or woman, and a youth's is higher. The same applies in a lesser degree to Vitamin B1. Protein (body-building material) needs in



the seven-nine age group are the same as for the moderately active woman, and in the case of the youth or maid are higher.

Sugar contains no protein, Vitamin B1, Vitamin A, or lime, but the foods which do provide these things also provide more of the only thing which sugar can provide—fuel or calories.

The less sweet foods the child eats the better his appetite will be for the blander and more nourishing foods that give him not only just fuel, but all the body-building materials which go to make up the healthy, happy, energetic child.

The child's main job in life is to grow. Just as you can't make a dress without material, so a child can't grow without the building material found only in the foundation foods—milk, meat, cheese, eggs, fruit, vegetables, and whole-grain bread and cereals.

Sugar has no building material, and it destroys the appetite for the foods which have.

The foods that are best for growth are also the best for the maintenance of health in adult life.

The child's main job in life being to grow, the most important thing for him to learn is to like the foundation foods: his body needs. The easiest way to do this is to build the family meals round the child's needs. A child is naturally imitative, and he will want to eat what he sees you and your husband eating. If you drink a glass of milk with your meals, so will he. If you have your wheatmeal or oatmeal porridge (without sugar for preference), so will he. The family salad will be eaten by all the family, and so will the slices of fresh, nutty, wholemeal bread and butter.

I can speak from my own family experience about this. My boys were difficult eaters until I began building our family meals round the children's needs.

No amount of good food in later life can make up for deficiencies in the early years.

Your grocer has AUNT MARY'S BAKING POWDER

Regular supplies are now available. You will be glad to have your old favourite—Aunt Mary's—which has stood the test for over 70 years!



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Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals.

Cuticura OINTMENT

CUTICURA OINTMENT
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HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

If you feel ill, consult your Doctor; but remember most Practitioners are over-worked just now.

For most minor ailments there are many reputable Proprietary Medicines:—

For example...

Hearne's Bronchitis Cure

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"Go to the head of the queue, Teddy"

Toast and Vegemite are nice for breakfast, but you would not be happy if you knew that young Teddy needed that Vegemite for his health's sake—but couldn't get it. Of course, everyone likes Vegemite, but some people want it more urgently than others—and have trouble getting it because of the shortage.

If you are one of those who don't need Vegemite medicinally, then thousands of invalids and babies are asking you to deny yourself of it for the time being; by doing so, you will enable them to regain their health and strength.

For those who need Vegemite MEDICINALLY....

If you feel you really need Vegemite medicinally for yourself or any member of your family, then see your local doctor or Baby Health Centre. If your case is urgent, you will be issued with a note to be handed to your grocer. This note will entitle you to first call on his limited supplies of Vegemite.

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LARGE FLASKS: 6/6 SMALL FLASKS: 3/6
(With Free Diet Chart)

M61

Hot and Chilli

• These spicy recipes are creations with a South American basis, designed to give tropical warmth to winter days ahead...

Think, as you eat them, of hot suns and som-breros, of cactus plants, huddled Mexican figures in reds and blues, of brown Indian faces.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**
Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



PICTURE OF HOT MEXI-BURGER with fried bread cubes, hot tomato, and spiced cabbage... served on gaily colored plates. Salad and hot sweet coffee on same menu.

HERE'S fine food for a cold night. Serve your choice on your gayest china, turn the radio until you find some heel-tapping music, and sit down to dinner with a flower in your hair.

Sorry that ducks and chickens (for gumbos and creole casseroles), avocados and capscums, pineapples and limes, are not lavish here... Perhaps, some day!

SOUTH AMERICAN FRIJOLAS

Two cups dried beans (haricot, lima, or navy), 2 or 3 onions, small bunch of herbs, 1 teaspoon salt, bacon bone, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 cup tomato puree. Soak beans overnight. Cover with cold water and simmer with herbs and bacon bone until tender, about 3 hours.

Remove herbs and bacon bone, and add sliced onion, and simmer until the onion is tender. There should be very little water with the beans after this is done. Drain and add sauce and tomato puree, and season to taste. Serve very hot.

SPANISH TORTAS

One cup flaked cooked fish (preferably lobster or prawns), 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash cayenne pepper.

Beat the eggs and add gradually to the flour, blending smoothly. Add the fish and season well. A dash

of chilli sauce may be added. Heat a little fat in a frying pan and drop spoonfuls of the mixture in. Fry slowly until crisp and light brown, turning to brown both sides.

HACIENDA STEW

One pound knuckle veal (stewing steak or scrag of mutton may be used), 2 cups dried peas or beans, 2 onions, 1 carrot, 1 turnip, 2 potatoes, 2 tomatoes or 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, dripping, pepper and salt, stock or water, small bunch of herbs. Soak peas or beans overnight. Cut the meat into small squares, and brown well for few minutes in hot fat, and season with salt and pepper. Add peas and other vegetables diced, herbs, and cover with stock or water. Add skinned tomatoes or tomato sauce. Simmer for at least 2 hours.

MULLIGATAWNY CHOWDER

Three onions, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 21 pinty stock or water, small bunch herbs, small chilli, 1 teaspoon ground ginger (may be omitted), 4 medium-sized potatoes, 1 medium-sized carrot, 1 tablespoon hot chutney, pepper and salt, toasted bread sippets. Slice onions and fry until lightly browned. Stir in curry powder and add water or stock. Add herbs, chilli, ginger, diced potato, and simmer gently until vegetables are tender. Rub through coarse sieve, removing chilli and herbs. Add grated carrot and chutney, and season to taste. Serve very hot, with toasted bread sippets.

of chilli sauce may be added. Heat a little fat in a frying pan and drop spoonfuls of the mixture in. Fry slowly until crisp and light brown, turning to brown both sides.

SQUAW COEN

Two cups cooked corn, 3 slightly beaten eggs, 2 tablespoons tomato chutney, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 slices buttered toast.

Combine the corn, which should be tender and succulent, with the beaten eggs, and cook slowly until the eggs are lightly set. Stir in the chutney, cook for minute longer, and then pile on hot toast, garnishing with parsley.

MEXICAN COLESLAW

Three cups very finely shredded raw cabbage, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, 1 tablespoon (or to taste) hot tomato chutney, 11 cups cooked minced meat, pepper and salt.

Cook the cabbage until tenderly crisp in a lidded pan with a small quantity of boiling water. This takes only a few minutes. Drain off liquid, add minced onion, curry powder, tomato chutney, and minced meat.

Season to taste. Heat thoroughly and serve piping hot, topped with chopped peppers, or parsley.

MEXI-BURGERS

One pound minced meat, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 2 teaspoons (or to taste) curry powder, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 teaspoon salt, red pepper strips or chopped red pepper.

Pound together the minced meat, onion, curry powder, chutney, flour, and salt. Form into flat cakes and dry-fry slowly, turning to brown. Serve very hot, with bread roll or with dinner vegetables.

TORTILLAS

Half-pound wholemeal flour or cornmeal, 1 teaspoon salt, water.

Make a soft dough with meal, salt and water. Knead. Put into water-thin cakes or roll and cut. Bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. to 350 deg. F.) until crisp.

Serve warm with a hot sugar syrup, flavored with ginger or cinnamon, poured over them.

Savory tortillas can be piled high with hot, spiced, mixed vegetables or minced meat, hot, with chutney or sauce.

CHILLI CON CARAC

One onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 3 or 4 tomatoes or 2 cups thick tomato puree, 1lb. minced steak, 1 cup cooked dried peas or beans, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, good dash red pepper.

Chop onion and fry in fat. Add skinned tomatoes, meat, beans, and seasonings. Cover and cook gently for 20 minutes, adding water if the mixture seems dry. If green peppers are available, add 3 tablespoons of chopped pepper and sauté with the onion.

Crunchy biscuits without nuts

CHOCOLATE PEANUT BUTTER COOKIES

Two cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup peanut butter, 1 cup milk, 1oz. chocolate or 1 dessertspoon cocoa.

Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Beat butter and sugar to cream, add the egg, and stir in peanut butter and melted chocolate. Drop from teaspoon on to greased tray, and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) from 15 to 20 minutes.

PUFFED TEA MUNCHIES

Three ounces butter (or substitute), 3oz. sugar, 1 egg, 2 cup self-raising flour, 1 cup puffed rice, almond essence.

Cream butter and sugar. Add beaten egg, flour, rice, and essence. Roll in small balls and place on greased tray. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 15 minutes.

FRUIT NUTTIES

Four ounces butter (or substitute), 1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins or sultanas, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 2 cups rolled oats, 1 cup flour, pinch salt, 1 egg, vanilla.

Melt butter, add sugar, beaten egg, rolled oats, flour, fruit, and salt. Mix well. Lastly add baking powder. Place in small spoonfuls on greased tray and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) from 15 to 20 minutes.

FOAM WAFERS

Two ounces butter, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. plain flour, 2oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon baking powder, pinch salt, vanilla, 1 tablespoon brown sugar.

Cream together the butter and sugar. Add egg-yolk and vanilla and fold in sifted flour, baking powder, and salt. Spread over bottom of swiss-roll tin. Make a meringue with egg-white and brown sugar, and cover biscuit mixture. Bake in moderate oven (350 deg. F.) from 10 to 15 minutes.



WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

Allyne Leslie answers some posers.

Q: Clare's invited to be bridesmaid and suddenly finds the best man is an ex-fiance who walked out on her three years ago. Should she—

1. Call the whole thing off?
2. Put on a brave face and see it through?
3. Confess all to the bride?

A: This is the chance you've been waiting for, Clare. You bet you see it through—and let Erasmic help you put on that radiant complexion men can't forget! Erasmic will make you a beautiful menace to every other girl and incidentally get that "ex" quietly pinching himself for being left at the post.



Q: Who buys the bride's bouquet—

1. The bridesmaids?
2. Bride's father?
3. Groom?

A: The groom has it! And what man doesn't get a kick out of buying flowers to match a petal-soft, wedding-day complexion! If you want to continue to inspire such feelings in his masculine heart, keep right on with Erasmic Cold Cream nightly. It preserves that orange-blossom look.

Q: A bridesmaid-to-be is Sally. When the bride slips away from the reception to change, what's her line—

1. Pair off with the best man?
2. Look after the guests?
3. Accompany the bride?

A: Your place is with the bride, my dear. After she's on her way there'll be time enough to make that indelible impression of yourself. Just make sure your skin is so alluring that the poor chap can't get you out of his head. Erasmic Vanishing Cream is your best friend and a shiny nose's worst enemy.

ERASMIC VANISHING AND COLD CREAMS

In tubes and jars 1/2d.



Mother's day out!

● Come on father, come on girls and boys—it's Mother's turn to be spoiled this week... You can't go wrong with these prize recipes, so how about you cooking the dinner for a change!

TAKE the kidney and vegetable casserole... there's nothing to frighten a timid cook here. What could go wrong? It's all in the pot together. Serve it with wafer toast.

Try the steamed brown pudding to follow. Keep the water boiling, and don't let the pot boil dry. Instead of the sauce use jam or golden syrup.

The Golden Rabbit Pie is another simple dish. Serve with whole potatoes and tomato halves, cooked in the oven. Stewed fruit or green salad and cheese follow this pie.

By the way, those oatmeal porridge scones, as well as being delicious hot with honey, go well on the dinner-plate with meat, gravy, and greens.

CASSEROLE OF KIDNEY AND VEGETABLES

One ox kidney, 1 lb. potatoes, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 2 large onions, 3 or 4 tomatoes, flour, 1 teaspoon mixed herbs (or to taste), salt and pepper, water.

Prepare vegetables, and dice or cut into rings. Cut up kidney and dip in flour seasoned with salt and

pepper. In casserole place a layer of potatoes at bottom, then other vegetables and kidney, with a sprinkle of herbs, salt, and pepper between layers. Repeat layers, finishing with potatoes. Add enough stock or water to barely cover. Place on lid and cook slowly in a moderate oven until kidney and vegetables are tender—about 1½ to 2 hours.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. B. Cowin, 5 Ormonde Ave., Col. Light Gardens, S.A.

GOLDEN RABBIT PIE

Take a pair of rabbits, cut them into pieces, soak in salt water for one hour. Put into saucepan with 2 onions and 2 small carrots (sliced) and a bunch of herbs, also any bacon rind or rough pieces of bacon, water to half cover, season to taste with salt and pepper. Simmer gently for about one hour. When tender, take meat off bones and put in pie-dish, removing herbs; keep hot. Cover with following mixture: Cream 2 tablespoons good dripping, pinch salt, 1 egg, 1 cup



MMMM... it's beautiful soup. Fine start for a show-off menu and a "must" for the family winter routine. Main value is its stimulating effect on the digestive organs, preparing them for the heavier courses to follow.

YORKSHIRE ROLY-POLY

Sieve 1 lb. self-raising flour and pinch of salt into a basin and rub in 2oz. dripping. Mix with enough cold water to make a stiff dough. Roll out on a floured board to 1/4 in. thickness and then spread with the following filling, keeping it well away from the edges: Peel, core, and chop 2 large apples, then mix in 1oz. currants, 1 tablespoon melted golden syrup, and lemon essence to taste. Having put this mixture on the paste, moisten edges and roll up tightly, pressing edges well together. Wrap first in greaseproof paper, then in a pudding-cloth, and boil for 1½ hours. If preferred, omit currants and sprinkle a little mixed apple or ground cinnamon over apples.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to N. Collins, Orwell, Lillimur, Vic.

STEAMED BROWN PUDDING

Sift together five heaped tablespoons self-raising flour and good pinch of salt, and rub in well 2oz. dripping. Add three dessertspoons sugar, 2 tablespoons dark plum jam, dissolve 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda in half cup of milk, then add it to the dry mixture, making a soft batter. Put in a well-greased basin, cover with a paper, and steam 1½ hours. Allow to stand a few minutes before removing from basin, and serve with sweet white sauce, or butterscotch sauce made this way: Bring to the boil 1 cup light brown sugar, 1 teaspoon butter, and 1 cup new milk. Boil 3 minutes and serve.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Korff, 14 Little King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE SCONES

Stir as much self-raising flour into the left-over porridge as it will take, knead well, turn on to a floured board, and roll out about half an inch thick. Grease a frying-pan and cook the scones over gentle heat, turning when brown on one side. Split open and butter, or serve hot with jam, honey, or savory spread.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. V. McGeorge, 7 Tanner's Avenue, Kogarah, N.S.W.



NOTE THE TONIC EFFECT of winter salads... gay for grey days... full of anti-cold vitamins... refreshing variety for cold weather menus.

self-raising flour, and enough milk or water to make batter so that it can easily be spread over hot rabbit. Bake from 20 to 30 minutes in moderate oven until top is a golden brown. Very good hot or cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to H. Heath, c/o 185 Little Collins St., Melbourne.

"GENERAL Fitness"



Many new recruits to the ranks of "General Fitness" owe their sturdy health to a diet wisely supplemented with SAUNDERS' MALT & VITAMINISED OIL, generous provider of Vitamins A, B, and D, so often lacking in present-day diet. This great body-builder enriches the blood and increases internal warmth, thus providing resistance to Winter ills.

Saunders' MALT & VITAMINISED OIL
AT YOUR CHEMIST OR STORE

Last rows of autumn

THE importance of home-grown food has never been so emphasised as during the past three years, and this is as it should be, because of the physical benefit derived from its consumption.

Recent cables from Great Britain show that the health of the people there is better than before the war, despite privations and hardships, and this is attributed to the greater consumption of vegetables, which, in the daily diet, have had to take the place of customary foods of a different nature.

Australians may yet face a similar position, but it is equally safe to assume that their health will not suffer if they grow more vegetables at home, in well-prepared and fertile soil.

And those last rows of autumn must consist very largely to-day, now that the weather has become cold and seed germination is slow or faulty, of the setting out of seedlings, bulbous plants, and roots.

Rhubarb roots will provide the home gardener with good frilly food for months of the year if set out in sunny positions, in rich soil, now. Horse-radish is a valuable herb, rich in vitamins and with definite curative properties. It thrives best in damp positions and in mid-shade.

Garlic, cloves, and the dried bulbs of the shallot, the tiny bulbs of chives, another member of the onion family that is now classified among the herbs, and onion seedlings (any variety) may be set out, with safety now except in the



JUST A REMINDER: Flowers from your garden, nicely boxed, or a potted plant or two are such happy gifts for Mother's Day.

very coldest and frostiest parts of the Commonwealth.

When setting out onion seedlings, bury the roots only, leaving the tiny bulbs resting just on the surface. Firm the ground well all round with the fingers, and the results will be most satisfactory.

Lettuce, silver beet, cabbage, cauliflower, and broccoli seedlings may also be set out now in good soil in the warmer districts.

Peas may be sown over a wide area, also seeds of carrots, parsnips, beet, turnips and swedes, kohlrabi, radish, and broad beans.

Watch your local sowing calendar and do not sow too much of any one species or variety. Too much means waste. Too little means a famine. And while the soil is moderately warm get the ground ready for July sowings of potatoes in those districts where midwinter sowings are seasonable.

—OUR HOME GARDENER.



The Vanishing Trick!

Sandwiches spread with delicious GOODFOOD FRUIT CHUTNEY vanish as if by magic. From the first bite to the last mouthful, every child will thoroughly enjoy cut lunches flavoured with GOODFOOD FRUIT CHUTNEY.

Order a jar from your grocer to-day!



GOODFOOD
Tasty FRUIT CHUTNEY

Peggy Sage
Exclusive Manicure

RELIEF

from the misery of

HEAD-COLDS

AND

CATARRH!

Just put a few drops of Vicks Vapo-nol up each nostril. Goes right to work (1) shrinking swollen membranes, (2) relieving irritation, (3) clearing away clogging mucus, making breathing easier.



VICKS VAPOR-NOL

A FEW DROPS UP EACH NOSTRIL

DOCTORS AMAZED!

Wonderful results in treating

SKIN TROUBLES

Skin ailments which have defied treatment of every kind have been quickly cleared up by this wonderful ointment. A King's Cross dental, for instance, who had been the victim of a skin rash since the last war, reported that after ointments given him by no less than five doctors had proved of no avail, TIN-O was successful. Each week from Northern battle areas comes news of the wonderful work TIN-O is doing in bringing blessed relief from Tinea and other skin troubles which beset our boys up there. And how grateful they are to the friends that send it to them! If you have a husband, son, brother, or friend in New Guinea or the North, get a tube for his next parcel. Send 2/- to H. O. C. Laboratories, 108 Macquarie Bay Rd., Maroubra (Phone FJ1940), and a full-sized tube of TIN-O will be sent to you by return. Or order from your local chemist.

TIN-O

Prevents and Heals TINEA and all skin troubles.

BLONDE
discovers amazing SECRET
by washing her own hair!

For some time her hair had been going dull and brownish. Gradually its outstanding blonde beauty was fading. She was going "mousy." Then she started to wash her hair at home with Sta-Blond. And made this remarkable discovery... that only Sta-Blond can bring back that lovely "lighter" colour to faded fair hair. It succeeds where ordinary shampoos fail—simply because it is made especially for blondes. You too can give back to your hair its lost golden beauty—can recapture lost sparkle, charm and fascination—and

keep it—for regular use of Sta-Blond prevents blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and lustrous always. No dyes or injurious bleaches in Sta-Blond. Its precious ViteF nourishes roots and prevents dandruff.

NOT A LUXURY—BUT A NECESSITY AND AN ECONOMY FOR NATURAL BLONDE HAIR.

STA-BLOND
THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

there is more than one
way of

BALANCING

a diet

BUT THE PYREX WAY IS THE COMMONSENSE WAY!

To-day . . when butchers chorus "Coupons, please" . . when vegetables are precious . . and grocers' bills bite deeply into the family budget, it's no joke to be a housewife.

None of us disputes the necessity for sacrifices—but we still have to cope with healthy appetites! However, remember this, *There'll be fewer headaches in your kitchen when you cook in Agee Pyrex.*

Pyrex-cookery extracts nourishment from every shred of meat, every ounce of vegetable. It transforms "left-overs" into succulent "balanced" meals . . . meals which tempt palates and build stamina.

Agee Pyrex takes the headaches out of wartime cooking; balances the budget as well as the meal; saves gas or electricity; simplifies your whole kitchen economy.

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